

# THE WESTERN MONTHLY.

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JOHN M. PALMER.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the State of Illinois furnished not only the most illustrious of Presidents since the first, and the greatest of our military leaders during the late war, but two Major-Generals of Volunteers besides, who were admitted, by military critics of authority, to be soldiers of great capacity; soldiers to whom even the graduates of West Point assigned high rank in point of genius. We refer here to John A. Logan and JOHN M. PALMER. Whatever dispute there was about others, there was little or no dispute, in intelligent military circles, about Logan and PALMER. As to General Butler, the most widely known of the generals who had not received the regular course of our military academy, it was agreed that he was very great in military administration; but many trained soldiers thought that in the field he was little better than a magnificent burlesque. General Banks, among the politicians who served in the army, also attained distinction, and undoubtedly deserved much praise in the earlier part of his military career; but he

failed to maintain his reputation, and at the close of the war he had passed to the rear of eminent men, and had carried his fame with him on a stretcher. Surgery greatly aided the case, but the scars were left. There were no others, of the volunteer generals, so celebrated as these two Massachusetts and two Illinois officers. Three of them have been Representatives in Congress nearly all the time since the war, where their records have gone to form part of our national history. The other belongs, for the present at least, more especially to the West.

JOHN McCauley PALMER was born, September 13, 1817, in Scott county, Kentucky, it being about one year after Thomas Lincoln, with Nancy Hanks, his wife, and Abraham, their son, had emigrated from the State, and while they were toilfully at work trying to make a farm in Indiana,—no more conscious of the future than the child just born. Lincoln preceded PALMER to Illinois by some two years. PALMER, then a farmer-boy of fifteen years, came to the State of which he is now the chief

executive officer in the year 1831; the family settling in Madison county. There was a great deal of hard work being done in the then West at that time, and PALMER, the future Governor, did his fair share of it, as well as Lincoln, the future President. He did hard work, and a variety of kinds of it. Schools and academies were not then accessible to all the lads of the State as now. Young PALMER was both industrious and ambitious, however, and made the most of the advantages of the times and the circumstances of the family. He spent several months at the Manual Labor College at Alton. He both worked and studied. He was at that age, when he found a new home in Illinois, which is largely influenced by surroundings. It was a time of remarkable political excitement. The political campaign which resulted in the second election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, was in progress. The excitement of "nullification" had not yet passed away. The great speech of Daniel Webster, made two years before, was on the tongues and in the hearts of most men of the North. The questions of the day were of more interest and of more importance than the personal questions which had previously divided the people into parties, or than the mere questions of policy which afterwards came to divide them into parties. There was not a daily paper in Illinois. It was nearly a score of years after the lad JOHN M. PALMER came to the State that daily journals, telegraphs, and railroads, came. But he read the speeches that were circulated, the books he could get hold of, attended political meetings, and grew up into a large-brained man, and an "Old Hickory" democrat. His case was a good demonstration of the truth that the difference between men of brain and men of stupidity very largely consists in the different manner in which they spend time; the one class making the most of

it, by study and reflection, the other throwing it away. PALMER concluded to be a lawyer, and not long after reaching legal majority he had sufficiently prepared himself to be admitted to the bar. In 1840 we find him engaged in his profession at the town of Carlinville, Macoupin county, which is still his home.

At the time JOHN M. PALMER became a lawyer, nearly all lawyers were politicians. If they had the gift of oratory at all, it had to show itself. PALMER was not what we call a fluent speaker. He did not possess, to any remarkable extent, the graces either of oratory or of person. His voice was clear and strong, but not musical. His manner was not prepossessing. With these things against him, it is clear that he was compelled to rely for success more upon what he said than the manner of saying it. He had to be an eloquent thinker. He had to charm his audiences with his ideas, causing them to overlook his manner. That he succeeded is an evidence of superior talents. He was always logical and persuasive with juries and judges, and his fairness and candor in argument made him always weighty with a popular assembly. His deficiency as an orator is in his imagination, which is not sufficient to enable him to reach the highest success in eloquence. He has enough, however, to illustrate his argument, and to pleasantly adorn his oratory with a flow of exalted sentiment which has given some of his public utterances a wonderful power. Such was the case with his speech at Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, on the occasion of the National Republican Convention of 1868—a speech which aroused the vast audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and which, on a topic of the greatest practical importance in the canvass, formed the key-note of the campaign. It was confessedly the greatest speech made in the Opera House during the

sittings of the Convention, of which such noted orators as Schurtz, Hawley, Logan, Creswell, Henry S. Lane, and others less or more distinguished, were members. But this is anticipation.

PALMER conducted his professional business, and helped to conduct the politics of his county, with great earnestness and success. We believe his first successful candidature was in 1847, when he was elected a delegate to that Constitutional Convention which framed the organic law of the State as it exists to this day. The constitution is a sadly imperfect fundamental law in many respects, chief of which may be considered its want of adaptability to the growing interests of a great commonwealth, mightily growing. If Mr. PALMER did not see the greatness of the State of which he was one day to be the first officer, he was simply in the same seat with his contemporaries.

By this time Stephen A. Douglas was a prominent politician of the State. He and PALMER had first met each other in the year 1838, when Douglas was a candidate for Congress. The young Kentuckian, himself full of enthusiasm for the democratic cause, at once formed a hearty liking for the young and plucky Vermonter, and, though they afterwards took different paths in politics, we believe their personal kindness each for the other never suffered abatement. "Douglas was a good and faithful friend of mine," we have heard PALMER say, "when a friend was worth a fortune; and I have never forgotten it." We believe it was Douglas, one of PALMER's examiners when he applied for admission to the bar, who wrote the license, couching it in terms of warm praise for the applicant. The document is said to be still preserved in the great debater's handwriting. Those who understand the general impecuniosity of our early settlers will not be surprised to learn that young PALMER had to go in debt for

the making of the suit of clothes which he wore to Springfield when he went up for examination, as well as for the money for his traveling expenses.

The period during which Mr. PALMER was a rather active democratic politician embraced about fourteen years—from 1840 to 1854. He participated in the famous campaign of 1840, noted for the zeal and noise with which it was carried on by the whigs, and which resulted in the defeat of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency by a large majority. PALMER was a supporter of the defeated party. From this time up to and including the Presidential campaign of 1852, he supported the democratic nominees. He held the office of probate judge in his county for several years, and was more than once elected to the State Senate, in which body he was noted for liberal views, the support of measures for the better development and progress of the State, and for legislative influence. While he was a member of the Senate, that fierce discussion growing out of the Kansas-Nebraska bill arose. Mr. PALMER, in obedience to life-long anti-slavery sentiments, at once took ground, with many of the best men of his former political associates, against the measure, and then and there severed his connection with the party by whose violation of pledges and of national faith, as he thought, the bill was passed. The people, by organizing themselves into a new party, prevented the disasters which, but for this, would have been inflicted on the country as the premeditated result of the premeditated legislative outrage—not necessarily so premeditated by Judge Douglas himself, but certainly so by the astute politicians of the South, whose work the Kansas-Nebraska bill really was. Mr. PALMER joined the new party, and has been connected with it ever since.

This brief mention of Mr. PALMER's political history during the era of the

old political parties of the country, shows that he had attained unusual success. He was but about thirty-six years of age when the Kansas-Nebraska bill separated him from his former associations, but he had attained a prominent and influential position in the politics of his State. In that part of it in which he lived he was well known to the people generally, and was held in high esteem for ability and integrity.

Mr. PALMER's first notable conduct in his new party affiliations, was in the matter of the famous contest for the Senatorship which resulted in the election of Judge Trumbull. Mr. PALMER was one of "the five" who stood out for Mr. Trumbull to the last, and to whose pluck and endurance for their friend Mr. Lincoln at last yielded, with a graciousness which was not without sorrow, but contained no drop of bitterness. In the organization of the new party in the State of Illinois, Mr. PALMER took a very conspicuous part. He was the president of its first State Convention, held at the city of Bloomington in 1856, and it is not saying too much, we suppose, to declare that in organizing into one homogeneal whole the different elements lacking party coherence, few, if any, performed more valuable service than JOHN M. PALMER. Of catholic views himself, of pleasing conversational address, of excellent organizing capacity, he was notably efficient in fusing the elements into a harmonious organization, with a few principal ideas as essential doctrines, and with freedom of individual judgment in other questions, which were left, so far as the new party was concerned, among the non-essentials. The doctrine of freedom, in its widest meaning, was the basis of the organization. Hostility to the extension of slavery was the immediate application. Such was the mode of organizing the republican party in Illinois, as it was for the country at large. It had

its foundation in the natural rights of men. Mere measures and mere policies were eschewed. Temperance questions, as connected with legislation, tariff questions, finance questions, were left out of the fundamental creed. It was a philosophical plan, and its success has been remarkable. Mr. PALMER's labors were similar, the same year, at the National Convention held at Philadelphia, in June. He voted for Judge McLean for the Presidential nomination, but heartily acquiesced in the nomination of Frémont, and gave him a zealous and efficient support during the campaign. It is well known that the republicans of Illinois elected their candidate for Governor, the lamented Bissell, but that the vote of the electoral college was declared in favor of Mr. Buchanan, who was successful. The new party does not appear to have been at all discouraged by its defeat. Its organization and its pluck remained untouched, and its backbone as unyielding as ever. It carried on lively State campaigns in the succeeding years. In Illinois, the campaign of 1858 will be forever memorable in the political history of the country. For it was in this year that Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, opposing candidates for the United States Senate, held that series of joint discussions by which Mr. Lincoln achieved a reputation as wide as Christendom, and by which his already distinguished opponent added no little to his forensic fame. But it was not only on account of the brilliant contests of the principal disputants that this campaign was unusually interesting. As the American people afterwards learned to say, "it thundered all around the sky." Mr. PALMER did his fair share of the campaign work. In the following year, he was a candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, a special election taking place to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Thomas L. Harris. Mr.



PALMER'S competitor was John A. McClernand, since the noted Major-General, with whom the republican candidate held several debates, which were exceedingly interesting, as showing the fine direct attacks of PALMER and the fine scatteration eloquence of McClernand, who was successful by a large majority. In the campaign of 1860, Mr. PALMER was a candidate for Elector, was elected, and cast his vote for Mr. Lincoln. In 1861, he was a delegate to the Peace Convention which met at Washington; and with the object of avoiding the dread result of war, went down into the valley of humility to attain the desired result. It is well known that all peace efforts were unsuccessful, as any would have been.

Upon the complete establishment of this now indubitable fact, Mr. PALMER was for war. He drew his sword and threw away the scabbard. Of his military history we have space but for the merest outline: On the second call of the general government for troops, Mr. PALMER volunteered in the ranks. He was unanimously elected Colonel of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. After some time spent for drill and discipline at Jacksonville, the regiment moved to Northern Missouri. The command was well occupied, and took part in sundry marches and expeditions, but had no actual battle during the year. Colonel PALMER had been much of the time in command of a brigade, and, exhibiting fine soldierly qualities, was appointed a Brigadier-General, December 20th, 1861. Early in the following year, General PALMER, in command of a division, took part in the laborious operations and brilliant successes of General John Pope against New Madrid and Island No. 10. In the reduction of Island No. 10, General PALMER held the most difficult position, and performed most important and soldierly services throughout. Pope moved

against Fort Pillow after the success of New Madrid, but was ordered to join Halleck, besieging Corinth. There were many fine exploits by different parts of the army during this noted siege, but none was, perhaps, more brilliant than General PALMER'S affair near Farmington, on the 8th of May, when, with a brigade of troops, he fairly repulsed three divisions of rebels, inflicting upon them heavy losses, and extricating his command from a dangerous position with brilliant dash and consummate skill. After a considerable illness, General PALMER was assigned to the command of the First Division of the Army of the Mississippi, and ordered to join General Buell. His services in Tennessee were more valuable than brilliant, whether in the field or sustaining, with Negley, the "blockade" of Nashville. In that great contest known as the battle of Stone River, General PALMER acted a brilliant part. His division, during several hours of the thirty-first of December, held the advance of the right wing, and stood like a rock, whilst other portions of that part of the army were swept away by the rebels. A highly intelligent correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune" newspaper, in an exhaustive narrative of this remarkable battle, justly attributed a high measure of praise to General PALMER for the bravery, endurance, and skill, with which he held his position and saved the day on his part of the lines. In the last pitched battle in which Rosecrans held the chief command of the Union troops, it is sufficient here to say that PALMER commanded a division under General George H. Thomas—"the Rock of Chickamauga," against which the gates of rebeldom did not prevail. Soon after this battle Rosecrans was relieved, and Grant soon fought the great battle of Chattanooga, which effectually broke the backbone of the rebellion. In the great operations of General

Sherman in 1864, General PALMER, who had been made a Major-General of Volunteers for gallantry at Stone River, had command of the Fourteenth Army Corps until after the fall of Atlanta, when he asked to be relieved. To give a complete sketch of his life during this stirring period, would be to give a pretty full view of the bravest campaign of the war, with which his command was so honorably and prominently connected. His subsequent military administration of the affairs of Kentucky was a manifestation of soldierly and statesmanlike qualities which have not often been combined in one person.

When the Hon. Richard Yates was elected Senator, General PALMER had a number of friends who desired to support him for that office, but he appears to have been committed to Mr. Washburne, and Mr. Yates was easily elected. He was a strong candidate at the succeeding election, but Mr. Trumbull, after a stormy contest, was chosen for the third time by a highly complimentary majority. At the Republican State Convention of 1868, Mr. PALMER was nominated for Governor of Illinois against his wishes, and in spite of a telegram from him that he could not accept. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who had been most prominently mentioned for the nomination, had wittily said, referring to PALMER, that "he could beat any man who was not a candidate," but the convention thought it best to spoil the *mot* by making it untrue. Mr. PALMER accepted and made one of the most successful campaigns in the history of Illinois politics. His administration of the affairs of his office has been characterized by ability, integrity, and undaunted courage. His veto messages of many of the bills which he declined to approve are models of dignified reasoning, which convinced the people that he was generally in the right, and all the time de-

sired to be. We believe it to be the fact that his official conduct is quite generally approved by the body of the people, whether of his own or the opposing political party. Not a few of his papers have received the favorable criticism of the press of the country at large.

Governor PALMER is in a peculiar manner a Western man. The fine sunshine and the free winds of our Western prairies have warmed and liberalized a character manly and large by nature. There has been no dwarfing process brought to bear upon him. He develops and grows, like the Northwest, not knowing what it is to remain stock still. He was considerable of a man twenty years ago; but ten years ago he was a marked man among a thousand. Those who heard him at Crosby's Opera House, or on the hustings in 1868, or have read his messages of 1869, will agree that he has become a person who has reached the full stature of a statesman. His military record shows that he has the genius of command.

In personal character Governor PALMER is without reproach, so far as we know, of any sort. He has neither crime nor vice to mar his reputation or stain his talents. In person he is robust, with a large head, and a face not remarkable for beauty, but which is pleasingly expressive of decision of character and intellectual power. When animated in conversation or in debate, he is fine looking. He is not an habitual story-teller, but he can tell a pat anecdote as successfully as any of his contemporary Governors. Already justly ranked among the ablest statesmen of the Northwest, it is not too much to prophesy of him that he may not long hence be justly ranked among the ablest statesmen of our Republic. And with less, the State of Illinois ought not to be content for her Governor.

## ON THE STAGE, AND OFF.

BY JAMES B. RUNNION.

THERE is no doubt that large numbers of young men reared in the city have experienced an ardent desire to don the "sock and buskin," at one time or another. It is an ambition peculiar to that term of life which has been so aptly denominated "the veal stage." It is more frequently born of the mystery that theatrical life possesses, than incited by the plaudits of an audience or the praises of the newspapers. It is a feeling that finds its counterpart in the envy with which the dramatic and musical critic of an influential journal is regarded, because he has free access to all places of amusement, and, as it is generally believed, is intimately associated with that little world behind the scenes, from which the rest of mankind are cut off by heavy rep curtains and fanciful drops. As a rule, the only effectual cure for this youthful disease is to be found in a trial of one or the other of these callings. As failure is the result of nine cases in every ten, it suffices to dispose of the question of vocation. But in the absence of all opportunity for trial, it wears itself away, like everything else that is mortal; and there remains only the scent of the rose that clings to it in a greater or less degree all through life. This must be the excuse for the present article, as for many others of a similar kind, which may look for no higher purpose than that of affording some amusement, and perhaps a little information, for those who have not yet entirely outlived the fascination of the theater.

This very fascination, and the illusion which is essential to it, are happy possessions. Who can not pity the veteran newspaper critic, who had served thirty

years or more at his calling, and who, being asked the question how he liked the play, answered, "My dear sir, for the past twenty years all plays have been alike to me"? It is a sad misfortune that the amusement and pleasure of a portion of the world make up the work and aversion of another portion. The degree in which this is true must be so modified as to allow something for the gratification of those who attain success in the professions which they have adopted; but the healthy recreation, the hearty enjoyment, and the pure fascination, of the opera and the drama, are reserved for those against whom the curtain is always drawn and the doors rigidly closed, except at the appointed time, when the gas is up, the stage set, the actors costumed, the orchestra playing, and the mimic life as real and happy as it can be made.

Yet it should not be understood from this that it is customary, or even usual, for newspaper men to explore the realm behind the scenes. Their satiety may be fully explained by the necessity of gormandizing in the delicacies and tit-bits of amusement and art, and by sudden changes of diet, that force them to accept milk-and-water, or something else which, if not so weak, is considerably less palatable. The public has many false ideas concerning the profession of the stage, and among them is one which fixes the relations of the actors and critics as very intimate. The intercourse between these two classes, however congenial it might be, is necessarily limited by the constant clashing of opinions. There are very few men who have the double faculty

of being friendly with actors in private life, and of commenting justly upon their faults and short-comings in public life; and even if there were more newspaper critics of this kind, the actors are, as a class, too sensitive to accept a friendship which is guided by such strict rules of justice. In all instances of mutual regard and intimate association between critics and actors, there are either personal considerations or intellectual unions that are superior to the petty dislikes, the small vanities, and the vile scandal-monging, of both professions. In fact, it is worthy of notice that both the actor and the journalist are rising in social distinction, and are at last taking positions to which their ability, their education, their experience, or their work, entitles them. It would not be becoming, perhaps, to speak here of the change in public sentiment as regards newspaper men; but it is gratifying to contemplate the fact as far as actors and actresses are concerned. The silly superstition that once made them vagabonds in the eye of the law, has been so thoroughly overcome that they may attain estimable positions in their art, worthy places in society, and any condition of life in politics or literature for which their ability may qualify them. A lady once said that she felt very differently towards the dramatic profession after she had known, personally, of a touching incident, which revealed to her that a ballet-girl, who worked hard and late, could rise early and work again for the support of a family that depended upon her. How many such instances there are and have been, the public, of course, can never know; but it is charitable to believe they are not rare, and it is simple justice to accord to the actor and actress in private life the same credit, respect, and position, that society gives those who have accomplished no more, often not so much, in other professions and callings.

There were formerly more reasons for the isolation of actors from the rest of the world than there are now. As one of the minor circumstances that led to this result, may be mentioned the common practice that once prevailed, but which has been discontinued pretty generally within a few years past, of appearing before the public under assumed names. But this was also common among authors and composers when impersonality was regarded as of great importance. It is said, though it may not be generally known, that the leader in the Italian heroic school of music, whose fame is now world-wide under the name of Verdi, was once a very common-place Mr. Green, which is the simple English of this famous Italian cognomen. It can be readily understood, too, that Michelet would have encountered more difficulties in enlisting sympathy for woman, in her natural weakness and delightful dependence on man, if he had been known in the world of letters as Mike Kelly, as he was once known to his family. Even the man who was equal to the great musical romance of "*Robert le Diable*," and the weird fancies of "*L'Africaine*," yielded to a certain ridicule which was attached, in his country and time, to his own Jewish name of Meyer, and by adding the title of his favorite beverage, he made it one of the greatest and best in musical composition—Meyerbeer. Family considerations, in former times, when the dramatic profession was held in certain contempt, are said to have induced the assumption of new names on the part of actors; and Barney Williams alleges that such an inducement prompted him to give up his father's name,—though if the reader knew what this really is, he would be inclined to suspect that a regard for euphony had something to do with the change. The desire for romantic names which will make a good line in the play-bill, or attract the particular attention

of young ladies, has also had an influence in many cases, where Mortimer, or Hazelton, or Robertson, has become the substitute for Jones, or Brown, or Smith. Actors often disagree with Shakespeare, and do not always believe that

—"that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet."

There is often a stage necessity, too, for changing names. Such an emergency arises when the cast of a play includes a larger number of people than the company affords, and when one individual is obliged to act several of the smaller parts in the same piece. The managers have set names for such occasions; and there is a manager in the South who never prints a play-bill without having a "Cadwallader" in it, though there is no such name in his company, and probably not in the entire theatrical fraternity. This practice of "doubling up" was more common in the earlier days of the theatrical business, when the expenses were often larger than the receipts; and a good story is told of Mr. John B. Rice, then managing the old Chicago Theater, but more recently mayor of our city, according to which he had been killed six different times, and under six different names, in one of the sensational plays of the day.

Actors make more money nowadays than they did formerly; and, galling as this may be to men of brains and character, money is certainly the "open sesame" to the gates of society. Not very many years ago, when Forrest and Macready were in the zenith of their glory, they were content to make engagements at the fixed sum of fifty dollars a night. Now the terms are changed; the "stars" receive either a share of the receipts after the expenses have been deducted, or a percentage of the gross receipts; and men and women who never even dreamed of the "divine spark" which Forrest and Macready had, earn double, often ten times, this amount.

The drama has improved quite as much as a business as it has in position and dignity professionally. Operatic managers—instance Grau and Maretzek—have a peculiar faculty of losing all their money in the same way that they make it; but dramatic managers are much more thriving, and such men as De Bar of St. Louis, Wallack of New York, and McVicker of Chicago, have amassed fortunes that many of our leading business men might envy. The actors, too, like Owens, Jefferson, Booth, Barney Williams, and many others, count their moneys by hundreds of thousands. Of course the love of money is divided in this profession, as in other callings; but there seems to be less value put upon the "filthy lucre" itself, and more upon that which it will buy, than among most classes. The generosity of Jefferson—the immortal "Rip Van Winkle"—is universally known to the profession, while he makes the managers respect his shrewd business qualities. An incident which happened in New Orleans some years ago will illustrate this characteristic, which to many minds would seem contradictory. Mr. Floyd, the manager, had engaged Mr. Jefferson for several weeks without making any arrangements for the *matinées*. In spite of this omission, Mr. Floyd announced the great actor for an afternoon performance, for which Mr. Jefferson took him to task, and very properly.

"You can not afford to pay me my *matinée* terms, Mr. Floyd," said Jefferson.

"Why, I'll pay you whatever you ask," was the answer.

"I always receive half the house [which means half the gross receipts] for the *matinées*, and your business and expenses will not admit of it."

"I will give it very willingly if you will consent to play," said the manager.

Mr. Jefferson, having made his point in upbraiding the manager for an un-

warranted use of his name, and having insisted upon his full terms, consented to play. But at the afternoon performance, and just before the raising of the curtain, he went to Floyd and said:

"Look here, Floyd, you can't afford to pay me what I demand, with this house. You would lose money. Now, take out your expenses first, and then we'll divide the balance."

There is no danger of such a man ever becoming a worshiper of Mammon, if he should amass a dozen fortunes.

There is a firmer and better ambition among actors now than there was in the times of traveling companies, poor pay, and worse repute; and this quality is also lending dignity to the profession in spite of the efforts of certain greedy authors and managers to degrade it. This ambition is sometimes carried to a very ludicrous demonstration. There are in most theaters what are known as "lines of business," which assign certain ladies and gentlemen to leading positions in the company, while others are graded in importance. The technical adherence to these lines is characteristic of the whole profession, and often causes actors to give up pleasant and profitable places for several months of idleness, rather than sacrifice their professional dignity. To demand that the leading lady should play the part of a *soubrette*, or the leading gentleman to lower himself to the grimaces of the comedian, is simply to invite a resignation. There is a manager in Chicago who takes advantage of this ambition, which runs through all grades of the profession, to rid himself of any of the supernumeraries who do not suit him. He gives a ballet-girl or the "captain of the supers" a character in which there are certain words to be spoken on one evening; the next evening or the next week the same person is called upon to go on the stage without any words in the part, as a simple peasant

girl or a soldier, at which the individual becomes highly indignant and leaves the theater,—the manager thus attaining his object without any of the disagreeable features of a formal discharge.

The ambition of very young men to make an impression on the audience is well illustrated by an anecdote of Edwin Adams, now one of the most accomplished and popular of our American actors. He entered the profession at the bottom round of the ladder, and the first words he had to speak consisted of the simple announcement, "My lord, the carriage waits." The temptation was too great a one for the vaulting youth to resist, and having made his announcement, he added, with great emphasis and dignity, "And, sir, the man who would lay his hand on a woman, save in kindness, is no gentleman." The sentiment won the favor of the "gods of the gallery," Adams received a hearty round of applause, acknowledged it by a bow, and walked off triumphantly, but to the great astonishment and dismay of the other actors. The same sort of pride, at once American and theatrical, is aptly pictured by a scene that occurred between the "tiger" or servant of Mr. Macready, when he was in this country, and Mr. Samuel Myers, now managing McVicker's Theater in Chicago, but then a simple call-boy in a Southern theater. Macready was a very nervous man, and young Myers had acquired the habit of calling the actors very loudly and distinctly at the green-room door. Mr. Macready's dressing-room was just next the green-room, and this calling was a source of great annoyance to him through the entire engagement. As he was leaving, and according to his custom, Mr. Macready gave his man several small sums of money to distribute among the lesser people of the theater. The "tiger" came to Myers, and handing him a five-dollar gold-piece, said: "Young man,

Mr. Macready intended to make you a present of double this amount; but you have so shocked his nerves with your infernal bellowing that you must content yourself with this." Myers, instead of taking the money, put his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom all it contained—probably not more than a week's wages at a very small salary; then he struck a highly theatrical position, and said, in a very dignified manner: "You take that money back to your master, and say to him that if he is in need of any funds to take him out of town, he can apply to me." The American call-boy then turned on his heel and walked away, to the utter dismay of the English "tiger."

That this ambition often leads to professional jealousy, there is little reason to doubt, but not to any such extent as is popularly supposed. The actors of opposing theaters are usually on excellent terms with each other, and even the managers do not allow their business matters to influence their personal relations. Among musicians there is a more envious feeling, which is sometimes indulged in a very degrading manner. Mr. Wehli, the pianist, attempted to play in Chicago one evening, when he found that some one had greased the keys of his instrument, and the audience was kept waiting until they could be cleaned. Canissa, a bright little opera-singer who was in this country two or three years ago, very nearly sacrificed her complexion to the jealousy of some one in the company, who had put a certain acid in her *cosmétique*. It is said that Brignoli is so choiced of himself that he does not even wish the ladies with whom he sings in opera to touch his gloved hand, and that he avoids it whenever he can. It is certain that Miss Alida Topp, the pianist who accompanied Max Strakosch's concert troupe last year, spent all her money, and made herself very ridiculous, in order to appear in quite as

large and gorgeous a *panier* as that of Miss Kellogg; while a shrewd advertising item was circulated in the newspapers, stating that this young woman was sending all the money she earned to her home in Germany, where she supported a large family. It is not probable, however, that such evidences of bad taste and bad heart are any more frequent in the profession of the stage than elsewhere.

Managers' advertising is a curious feature of the profession, that would repay an investigation of which the scope of this article will scarcely admit. On the one hand, it has done more to make the business profitable than anything else except the public necessity for amusements; on the other hand, it has done quite as much to demean the calling as any other agent. The story which Maurice Strakosch invented in the case of Miss Hauck, the songstress, just at the time of introducing her to the Parisian public, was an insult to Parisian sense, and worthy only of Barnum or the proprietor of some patent-medicine. It concerned the rescue of some man from terrific war-whooping and scalping Indians by this young and heroic female—as though this would make her any the more accomplished as a vocalist! Certain managers, too, have learned the secret of securing newspaper abuse for vulgar plays, on the ground of immorality. Smythe, the preacher, and the New York "Herald," are said to have made the success of "The Black Crook," which was followed up by the success of half-a-dozen similar pieces; and Boucicault, who is no longer original in anything, has adopted the plan in order to bring a stupid play, entitled "Formosa," into a profitable notoriety. It will be noticed, however, that the most sterling actors and attractions are advertised in the most modest and unassuming manner, and that grandiloquent announcements often do more injury than benefit, by first arousing



great expectations and then supplying great disappointments. It is simply impossible, however, to predetermine the success of any new actor or any new play, and the most experienced managers frequently make sad mistakes in their predictions. The dramatic public is fickle and perverse; and that which pleases it at one time will not please it at another. Even the most legitimate successes are fortuitous. Mr. Adams paid Mr. Forrest a thousand dollars for his play of "The Heretic," which is now shelved, but gave only a hundred dollars for "Enoch Arden," with which he is now coining so much money and laying up so much fame, as a richer and truer treasure. The success of "Under the Gaslight," which has not yet been forgotten, and which has extended over two continents, was attained, it is said, by a stage-carpenter who stumbled across the railroad scene, which was so exciting.

The success of the actor depends largely upon his own feelings and upon extraneous circumstances. Indeed, the best of actors, like the best of writers, are uneven; and there are times when they have more power or more humor, and impress or please their audience more, than at other times. The character and spirit of the audience have a telling influence upon the efforts of the actor, who can see almost at a glance, and certainly after a scene or two, whether he has a cold and unfeeling or a warm and sympathetic crowd to deal with. The candid and respectable newspaper press exerts a greater influence than all else, not merely upon the public, but upon the actor himself; and even in the case of great merit, an occasional apt and friendly criticism, though somewhat ungrateful, has a better effect than indiscriminate praise. The influence of the audience is well illustrated by a story which Mr. Bayard Taylor, the author and lecturer, tells of himself. He was

lecturing at Stoughton (a dull New England town, whence probably comes the slang phrase of "stupid as a Stoughton-bottle"), and upon every occasion when he would say something in a jovial way, at which he was accustomed to hear laughter or a murmur, the audience would sit perfectly at ease, and look at him inquiringly and reprovingly. Of course, the lecturer was so disconcerted and discouraged that it was with difficulty he could proceed at all. At another New England town, and during a school exhibition, one of Baker's amateur farces was to be given, and the author himself was superintending the production. The earlier part of the entertainment had been as stupid as school exhibitions usually are, and Baker and his amateur actors were congratulating themselves that the farce would wake the audience up to something like life and enjoyment. Indeed, the first ludicrous situation had the desired effect, and the audience burst out into an unrestrained roar of laughter, when an old gentleman rose and expressed the hope that "decorum should be preserved befitting the occasion." It is needless to add that the farce was, after this, a failure, and "very tragical mirth." Very small things will often serve to disconcert the most experienced actor. Mrs. Lander once interrupted the play in Chicago to request some ladies in the proscenium box to keep quiet; and during the last engagement that Charles Kean played in this city, the veteran actor was so much annoyed at a slight noise on the roof, which it was difficult for any one else to hear, that he explained to the audience that he could not proceed with the play until the noise should be discontinued.

The instances in which the sublime and ridiculous are united on the stage are more numerous than are dreamt of in the public's philosophy. The earlier history of the stage is particularly prolific of them. When Mayor

Rice was managing the first regular theater Chicago ever had, and one that would compare but poorly to any one of the half-dozen amusement places of which the city now boasts, Mr. Kean played an engagement with him, and a man named McFarland was the leading actor of the stock company. McFarland was not always reliable, and one night, when he was to play Othello to Mr. Kean's Iago, he failed to make his appearance at the hour of beginning. Mr. Rice had a peculiar and happy faculty of playing any and every character in case of an emergency, and so speedily assumed the habiliments of the Moor. After he had played two acts of the tragedy, McFarland came around, and Mr. Rice, not being ambitious, and probably not over-fond of work, yielded the character to the leading man, who played the rest of the piece. When it is known that Mr. Rice is a very corpulent man, and that Mr. McFarland was a remarkably slender man, the ludicrousness of the sudden change can be thoroughly appreciated. Mr. McVicker tells an experience of his own, when managing a traveling company, at a time when the manager was usually ticket-seller, door-keeper, prompter, and leading actor. The company was playing in Springfield, Illinois, and to audiences that did not promise a fortune at the end of the season. Under these circumstances almost any price was taken for admission, and a farmer who had come to the town to dispose of his corn made a trade with Mr. McVicker for an admission for himself and son. He deprecated the low price of corn and the high price of amusements, and finally secured admission for two at the price of one. The next evening, Mr. McVicker was surprised to find the vender of produce again at the door, and this time demanding a free admission, on the following ground: "Look 'yere, mister; I s'pect that your show is a good one,

but that pesky fiddler o' yourn scratched away till he put me to sleep, and I didn't see a bit of it. So I think you mought let me in to-night for nothing." Mr. Burton, the comedian and manager, used to tell of an actor he had in his company, named Foster, who was addicted to drink, and whom he reëngaged upon the express condition that he would never take a drink before dinner; thinking that, in this way, he would always keep sober enough to act in the evening. But it was not long after that Foster came to early rehearsal, about nine o'clock in the morning, very tipsy. Mr. Burton was exceedingly angry, and was about to call Foster to task, when the latter interrupted him by saying, very impressively, "Mr. Burton, let me assure you that I have dined."

Trifling errors, and introductions or omissions on the part of actors, are usually unnoticed by the audience, but are not the less ridiculous on this account. Quite recently a charming little actress on the Chicago stage forgot even her paternal parent of the play, and called him uncle. Adams, one night, in "The Marble Heart," enunciated very earnestly the following sentence: "I have no fears for the past, no doubts for the present, and no regrets for the future." Mr. Edwin Booth always has a peculiar and almost irresistible propensity to sneeze when, in "The Lady of Lyons," he is describing to Pauline, in Bulwer's fine writing, the home he would take her to, of "whispering myrtles" and "softest skies" and "roseate shadows"—and a suppressed sneeze. One night when Carl Formes was singing in Chicago, and in his famous character of Plunkett in "Martha," Adams, who was to follow at the theater, came into the auditorium and took a seat near the stage. "Da ist Ned Adams—Ned Adams ist ein goot fellow," sang Formes, in his deep double-bass, and in one of the most serious passages,—the

audience none the wiser, and demanding an *encore*. It would ruin completely all future illusion, if the people knew how a certain Hamlet could pick up the skull in the graveyard, and sighing "Alas! poor Yorick!" add, *sotto voce*, "They have had the old thing burnished up for the occasion;" or how, in an intensely emotional play, an actor lying on a stage death-bed, waiting for the scene to be shifted which should discover him in that condition to the audience, acted in such a manner as to make it difficult for those on the stage to keep from laughing, while those in front were all tears. Yet such incidents, and hundreds of others like them, might be told and are true.

The stories which are told of Forrest are as countless as the sands of the Lake Michigan beach, and it would not do to enter upon this field more fully than to recall two or three that have never found their way to print. Mr. Forrest, who was never remarkable for his good-nature, has grown excessively petulant in his old days. One would think that an actor such as he has been, who dares to outlive his day and risk his great fame for the money he can make by playing now, would care very little about anything that might be said of him. Yet, when Mr. Forrest was in Chicago during his last engagement, the attendance was small and the newspapers were remarkably candid in their treatment of his latter-day acting. This called from him a characteristic remark in regard to the critics. With a severe oath, he said: "I will live to eat the goose that shall feed on the grass that will grow on their graves;" which, considering Mr. Forrest's age and infirmities, is not probable, to say the least. Forrest is afflicted with sea-sickness to a frightful extent when upon the ocean, and his return trip came very near killing him. Yet he was as blasphemous as usual, and perhaps all the more so on this account. When he was

swearing with fearful fluency at the sea and all connected with it, a minister of the gospel, who was on board the steamer, thought it was his duty to speak to the actor and remind him that our Saviour went to sea. Forrest turned to him with an oath and muttered: "So he did, sir; but he got out and walked. There was never but one man who went to sea willingly, and that was Jonah when the whale threw him out." Forrest's treatment of the actors who are obliged to play with him is often very uncouth, and a leading man in a Boston theater once became so exasperated that he resolved to have his revenge. The play for the night was "Damon and Pythias," in which the two are brought closely together and have to embrace on more than one occasion. The leading actor, knowing this, deliberately went out during the day, drank a large amount of poor whisky and ate inordinate quantities of onions and garlic, the effect of which was duly felt and never forgotten by the relentless old actor. There was one occasion when Mr. Forrest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theater an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way.

"Can't you say it better than that?" shouted Forrest. "Repeat it as I do!" and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week."

"Is that all you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it as you please."

Macready, Forrest's great rival, was a very peculiar man. The writer is indebted for the following reminiscences of him to Mr. John Brougham, a gentleman who is as brilliant in conversation as he is genial in his writings and

fascinating in his acting. Macready was, in the main, a kind-hearted man and full of consideration for all associated with him, but subject to occasional tornadoes of passion, usually incited by the merest trifles. An instance of this occurred in Boston, under Burton's management. It was this actor's custom invariably to be at his dressing-room in the theater an hour and a half before the raising of the curtain, so that he might have time to dress leisurely. One bitter cold night he had just thrown off his comfortable wrapper and sat down, while his indispensable attendant—a singular character of the name of Thompson—busied himself in preparing the costumes for Macbeth, in precise order and with cat-like tread. Thompson had placed the habiliments in their proper places, and all was ready for the "star" to disrobe himself for the process of personal transformation, when, with a sudden yell similar to that which used to startle the public in "Werner," he threw himself back in his chair, his face wearing an expression of utter despair. The frightened valet sought for an explanation. Macready uttered not a word, but sat still, stony, and resigned. Thompson then looked about him to see what he had forgotten, when the irate actor at last shouted:

"Look, you—you—[with certain other words peculiar to Forrest and Macready] you beast, can't you see?"

"See what?" mildly asked the other.

"What? Oh, grant me patience! Confound your brutal stupidity, what do I play to-night?"

"Macbeth."

"Yes—well. Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"My book of beards, you immaculate ass!"

With a scream of terror, Thompson dashed away, and the tragedian muttered continuous anathemas during his absence. He returned with the missing

article in a wonderfully short time, and while he was puffing and blowing from the exertion, Macready thundered away at him in his jerky, *staccato* style: "Ah, Thompson, Thompson! if ever a man was cursed with an inconceivably besotted fool, I am that pitiable wretch. Great—ah—heavens! For what unknown sin of my early life, or what unrepented crime of my ancestors, am I condemned to endure the purgatory of your constant irritation? I—ah—brought you all this distance from your home. You know, confound your tormenting soul, that I promised your family to see that you took proper care of yourself, and now, you perverse beast, on such a terrible night as this—you go out without an overcoat!"

Macready's handwriting was curiously illegible, and especially when writing orders of admission to the theater. One day, at New Orleans, Mr. Brougham obtained one of these from him for a friend. On handing it to the gentleman, the latter observed that, if he had not known what it purported to be, he would never have suspected what it was. "It looks more like a prescription than anything else," he added.

"So it does," said Mr. Brougham; "let us go and have it made up."

Turning into the nearest drug store, the paper was given to the clerk, who gave it a careless glance and then proceeded to get a phial ready and to pull out divers boxes. With another look at the order, down came a tincture bottle, and the phial was half filled. Then there was a pause. The gentlemanly attendant was evidently puzzled. At last he broke down completely, and rang for his principal, an elderly and severe-looking individual, who presently emerged from the inner sanctum. The two whispered together an instant, when the old dispenser looked at the document, and with an expression of pity for the ignorance of his subordinate, boldly filled the phial with some apocryphal

fluid, and duly corked and labeled it. Then handing it to the gentlemen who were waiting, he said, with a bland smile, "A cough mixture, and a very good one. Fifty cents, if you please."

A singular thing occurred at the St. Charles Theater, New Orleans, during Macready's engagement. The play was "Virginius;" and if ever the great tragedian felt himself pedestaled above all common humanity, it was when he was arrayed in a Roman toga. On this occasion he was just preparing himself at the side scene for an imposing entrance, when the Dentatus of the evening, Mr. George Farren—an excellent actor and a genial gentleman, but much sought after by the jolly boys of the period, and hence subject to occasional departures from the strict line of temperance—stumbled up against him in a disagreeably familiar manner.

"Bill," said he, in a suspiciously husky voice.

"Sir," responded the great man, looking a million of daggers.

"I want you to—understand, old boy—hic—you're not agoin' to get—erra—many of the syllables to-night."

"Why, what on earth is the matter with the man?" frigidly inquired Macready.

"Corned—my boy—that's all."

"What do you mean by corned?"

"Tight."

"Tight?"

"Blue."

"Blue? Heavens! Oh, you don't mean that you are drunk?"

"That's about the size of it, old fellow."

"This is dreadful—terrible! How did you get into such a beastly state, and how shall we go on with the play?"

"Don't ruffle your feathers about that," said Farren, "I've just swallowed a tumbler of vinegar and cayenne, and in about five minutes I'll be as sober as a judge."

Somewhat relieved by the assertion, Macready softened down sufficiently to give him what assistance he could, and the play proceeded without any particular notice being taken of the inebriated centurion, until he came to the part where he had to be discovered lying on a bier—stage-dead. Macready was busily attending to the arrangement of the body, while the front scene was going on; but each time that poor George—in whose system the pungent potion he had taken was producing a sort of qualmishness—attempted to straighten himself out, he started back again.

"It's no use," he cried, "if I lie down, I shall be as sick as a cat."

"But, my dear fellow, you're dead—you must. The scene won't be long. Come, stretch yourself out."

"Well, then, get me a pillow and I'll try," said George, in a tone of agony.

The pillow was brought, and in the mean time Macready cautioned the stage-carpenters not to draw off the front scene until Dentatus was comfortably fixed. "Now, for heaven's sake, be careful," he said to them, "and do not move until I say '*all right*.'" The carpenters nodded compliance.

During this time, Macready, the pillow in his hand, was endeavoring to persuade Farren to lie still, which was almost a physical impossibility under the circumstances. At last, in one of his paroxysms, the anxious tragedian, wishing to console him, and leaning over him in a painful but ludicrous contortion, said inadvertently: "A few minutes longer, and you'll be *all right*."

The carpenters heard their cue, and suddenly revealed to the astonished spectators a tableau never thought of by Sheridan Knowles. Macready rushed off the stage with a zoölogical howl, and the act-drop descended upon a convulsed audience.

## FROM THISTLE PATCH TO CINCINNATI.

BY J. B. L. SOULE.

"I WILL speak to that fellow the next time I meet him." There is something in his eye and about his face which seems to be not altogether in keeping with his ragged appearance. Who knows but a fine mind lies hidden under those habiliments of poverty, and that a little rubbing may not remove the dirt and reveal the diamond? "I will speak with the fellow." Perhaps I can be of some service to him. At any rate, a little cross-questioning will improve my skill, if it does not bring me a fee."

Such was the soliloquy of a young lawyer, many years ago, in a small village away down in the "State of Pines," as he returned from his boarding-house one day after dinner, and seated himself in his little office to resume his ordinary studies. He had lately arrived in town, and his neat but glittering shingle, "SAMUEL FESSENDEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW," was yet a great novelty in the eyes of the little boys and girls, who stopped to spell it out, and wondered what it meant, every time they passed backward and forward to school. Old men, too, would often halt for a moment in their progress and scan the gilded words, and then pass on with a significant shake of the head, in disapprobation, perhaps, of the fancy letters therein, which they had never seen in any spelling-book nor almanac, and which presented such a contrast to the great rude letters in red paint on the broad sign of the tavern, and on the two stores that constituted the public buildings of New Gloucester. Or perhaps they had some suspicious misgivings as to the strict honesty of the

vocation which the little sign signified, and sighed at the peril of the village peace. But, little boys, you need not marvel with such dilated eyes; nor you, old men, look solemnly askance at the little office, as though the transforming of an old shoemaker's shop into a new law shop were ominous of some public calamity; for the youthful Squire within is no dark-eyed wizard nor blood-thirsty Jeffrey, come to jeopardize either body or soul of the simple villagers.

"I will speak to the fellow," and having thus matured his resolution, the young lawyer took from his clean pine shelves a volume of Starkie, and was soon abstracted in the study of the doubled-and-twisted Laws of Evidence.

The personage concerning whom the Squire, as he began to be called, had formed this resolution, was a young man, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old, whom he had often noticed lounging about the bar-room and street corners, the personification of idleness and poverty, and apparently without any idea that he was made for any useful purpose.

An opportunity for the interview was not long wanting. The next day, as the young Squire was returning from breakfast, he suddenly encountered the ragged unknown. He was sitting on a log, mending one of his shoes by cutting off a loose tap with his jack-knife. "Good morning," said the Squire, in a cheerful tone.

The youth looked up with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure at being so unexpectedly addressed by the lawyer, and stared at him without replying.

"Will you walk over to my office? I have something to say to you."

A reluctant "Y-e-s, sir," from his hanging head, as he was tying his shoe, was the answer; and after following the Squire at a respectful distance, he halted near the door, and casting an apprehensive glance behind him, inquired with a trembling voice:

"Has any body taken the law on me that you know on?"

"Oh, no!" said the Squire, smiling, "nobody is going to hurt you. I only want a friendly chat this morning."

The easy familiarity with which this was said, dissipated the poor boy's fears and made his eyes glisten with delight. He was honored for the first time in his experience, and he felt emotions that he could not comprehend.

Being seated in the office, the Squire inquired his name.

"Robert Lane, sir."

"Have you any parents living?"

"Yes, sir; they live over the brook in a corner of the Thistle Patch."

"What! not in that miserable hut?"

The boy hung his head and did not answer.

"What does your father do for a living?"

With a sort of desperate mortification, the young man raised his head, and looking askance out of the window, replied, with a choking effort and an intense blush:

"He doesn't do nothing, sir, only drink rum!"

The secret was out. The Squire saw at a glance the youngster's history and condition. But he saw, too, what gave him a good deal of pleasure, that his random conjecture about the young man's having a substratum of real worth in his character was likely to prove correct.

By a few pointed inquiries he soon learned that the boy had been left entirely to idleness and ignorance from infancy; that both his parents were

inebriates; and that Bob, as he was called, was nothing better than a village vagabond. His father cared nothing about him, and never claimed his services excepting occasionally for the purpose of replenishing his jug. Bob spent his time partly at home and partly at the tavern, or at one of the stores, according to his chances from time to time of getting a dime or two for doing little jobs.

Squire Fessenden, with a native spirit of benevolence which has since become the characteristic feature of his fame, felt a deep sympathy for the young man, especially after hearing from his own lips that, instead of indulging in drink himself, he had a perfect horror for the vice.

The young lawyer gave his ragged client a long and earnest lecture on the evils of idleness, and the necessity of tearing himself loose from his present habits and associations, if he ever hoped to become a man. He pressed him, above all things, to seek at once some honorable and steady employment, and meanwhile, and all the time, to catch at every opportunity and make every effort to improve his mind; and wound up his advice by assuring him that honest industry is certain of its reward.

"And now, Robert," said he, as the latter was leaving the door, "the next time I hear from you, let me hear something good. Above all things, *get out of Thistle Patch!*"

The Squire heard no reply, but had the satisfaction of seeing the boy blush again, and a great tear gather in his eye and fall upon his red cheeks; good signs—for sensitive hearts are never strangers to the nobler virtues. And he knew, too, by the elastic step of the retiring youth, that the little flame of ambition he had endeavored to kindle in him was already warming his heart. The Squire resumed his seat in the quiet office, and was soon lost in



the process of disentangling a quarrel of those old litigants, John Doe and Richard Roe.

A few days afterwards, the long pine bench before the yellow grocery of Captain Jones, which had been hacked out of shape by all the jack-knives in the village, was filled, as usual with a company of loungers—those royal body-guards of the rumseller, who never desert their post, because commanded by that stern and inexorable old drill-officer, General Appetite. One of these old campaigners, who had fallen at many a well-fought battle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, turned toward the open door and bawled out:

"I say, Cap'n! where's Bob Lane, eh? I haven't seen him for a good spell. He was always here before me, mornin's, catching flies on this 'ere bench."

"I don't know, Colonel. Bob has been missing some time, and old Lane was down here yesterday asking about him, and said he hadn't seen him around Thistle Patch for a'most a week, and that the old woman was afeared the cows had eat him up."

This expression of maudlin wit and maternal affection raised a loud laugh among the motley group, after which a general speculation was indulged in as to Bob's probable fate, mingled with various moral reflections touching the degeneracy of the rising generation.

But where is Bob, sure enough? Let us see. The kind and earnest sympathy of Squire Fessenden had seized fast hold of the heart of our ragged hero. Every word became indented in his memory; and when he left the office door his breast was in a tumult of gratitude, ambition, and pride. Before, he had always slept; now he was awake! A gleam of aspiration had shot through and through him, and he became a living soul.

"The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." So did Bob.

"*Break away from Thistle Patch!*" still rung in his ears, and he knew that this was his only safety. His will was aroused, his purpose formed; and from the door of the lawyer's office he went straight to its execution. Little did the young disciple of Coke know the magnitude of his day's work. He that saves a man is greater than he that destroys empires.

Bob paid his last visit to Thistle Patch; but it was a short one. With a bitter emotion of mingled love, pity and regret, he glanced a silent adieu at his dozing parents, and making up a bundle of scanty clothing, was the next moment on the highway. Under the first impulse of his new and powerful resolution, he made rapid progress in his journey, and had measured off many miles before he became aware that his limbs, which had kept pace with his busy thoughts, began to tire. Seating himself in the shade of a solitary spruce, which stood like the Good Samaritan by the wayside, he endeavored to mature some plan for his future course. But ignorant of the world, and already far beyond the bounds of his former journeyings, he could do no more than confirm his resolve to do something, and bravely to resist all doubts and misgivings, which, like foot-pads, already threatened to assail him and rob him of his good intents. This was his second triumph, and no unimportant one. Many a man, well started on the high road of reform, has been knocked down by a doubt before reaching the first mile-stone.

Resuming his walk, he continued his course towards Portland, which he knew by hearsay was a large town, and therefore, he reasoned, likely to afford him some immediate employment, sufficient to supply his immediate wants and give him time to think.

The last rays of the setting sun were tinging the playful waves of Casco—that incomparable bay, besprinkle

with its velvet isles—and were bathing the city spires with a gilding of fire, as our hero of Thistle Patch, doubling the eastern extremity of Back Cove, entered the suburbs and halted on Observatory Hill, awed by his first view of the boundless ocean, and astonished at the multitude of buildings that lay spread out like a map beneath his eye. For a long time he was held in silent thought, looking back at the weary way behind him, and turning anon to the wilderness of men and expanse of water before him. Behind was ignominy; before was mystery. Many an anxious eye had been strained over the perilous deep from that hill-top, but none, perhaps, had ever been so anxious; for poor Bob was trying to scan the ocean of life, and that, too, with the naked eye—for experience had supplied him with no telescope to bring the distant near.

Arousing himself at length, he ran down the hill and made his way into the city; for he had a purpose formed, and his solicitude was somewhat relieved. In casting about him to ascertain what he was qualified to do, he had almost concluded that he was fit for nothing, till he happened to remember that among other "chores" which he had occasionally done around the country tavern at home, he had acquired some skill in the care of horses. His eye, therefore, was on the watch for a stable as he traversed the middle of the paved streets, and soon falling in with one, he at once inquired for the landlord, and accosted him with the question, somewhat timidly put:

"Do you want a boy to work in your stable?"

"No!" was the emphatic, and ready answer.

Bob started on; his heart threatened to sink, but he caught it and held it up, and began to whistle a tune to help his spirits; but, with the dawning of good practical sense, he checked himself, for

fear it might not be proper to whistle in the faces of so many grave-looking people as he met.

Concluding that his repulse might have arisen from his timid air, he resolved to assume a little more confidence in his next effort. Putting on a boldness which he thought prodigious, but, in spite of himself, tempered with just diffidence enough to make his air modest and attractive to a business man, his second application, on the same street, was promptly and favorably answered.

"I am looking for employment as a hostler, sir; do you want me, sir?"

"Yes. Here, Rodney, set this young man to work."

The chief groom, in a jockey cap, striped neck-cloth and scarlet vest, with a dignity becoming his station, led Bob back to the yard of a large livery-stable, and set before him the job of oiling harnesses, which, as it was now near dusk, he was to commence the next morning.

After supper, and while weary and waiting for an invitation to bed, he was met by Rodney and told to follow him. He led him to a corner of the stable loft, and pointing to a dirty pallet, told him that was his bed-chamber, and the largest if not the finest in the city. Bob was glad to deposit his weary limbs anywhere, and in five minutes was fast asleep, soothed by the monotonous lullaby of fifty horses grinding at their oats.

The harnesses were buckled on his mind, and he was awake at daylight and at his task before any body else was stirring; an indication of "smartness" which installed him at once in the very upper story of Rodney's esteem. But virtue must have its trials, because virtue will have enemies; and Bob soon found that in the little empire of a stable, as in most other commonwealths, good principles reside with the minority. The first day of his

services was a day of intolerable vexations. His low-minded companions, prompted partly by a love of mischief, and partly by envy at the discovery of certain qualities in the novice that threatened to outshine them, spared no ingenuity in their efforts to irritate and annoy him.

When Bob threw himself upon his humble pallet that night, it was with a heart full of disappointment and grief. He could not understand why his good intentions and his efforts to please should be recompensed with nothing but curses and cruelty. As he lay awake, silently bemoaning his lonely and seemingly hopeless condition, his thoughts reverted to home; and that "sickness" which, like the mumps and the measles, is fated at some time or other to seize on every child of Adam, and which, unlike all other diseases, is proof against the whole catalogue of *materia medica*, now seized upon Bob in all its virulence, attended with its unmistakable diagnostic of tears. Our childhood's home! Who shall measure the magnitude of its influence upon the heart?

Our young hero, after pouring out his libation of tears—that inevitable offering of the young, demanded by forsaken household gods—recovered his calmness and put on again a manly heart. His exodus from Thistle Patch, though sudden, was not rash, but was prompted by a firmness of purpose not to be overcome by the first obstacle in his career. So, like a true philosopher, he set about devising some efficient remedy for his troubles. His first impulse was to leave his present situation and seek another more congenial. But a moment's reflection told him that the experiment would be one of doubtful success, and what he might gain from the change in some respects he might lose in others. With a wisdom, therefore, the loftiness of which he did not then comprehend, he formed the de-

termination, from that time onward, to face trouble and not to flee from it; to overcome it with patience and not violence. In short, he had arrived, without knowing it, at the very summit of ethical science—the principle of *endurance*. From one manly resolution, promptly carried out and adhered to, there sprung in the young man's mind, by a sort of necessary sequence, a whole code of life-rules; and though elaborated in a stable, more likely to prove effectual, because born of exigency, than all the ready-made and artificial maxims of the schools. Thus does one good thought lead to another. The virtues, like the graces, are always in a cluster, and when a man heartily shakes hands with one, he is smiled upon by the whole group. One good principle well planted in the heart never grows alone; but, like the Banyan tree, re-shoots and expands and multiplies, covering the ground with its sweets fruits and filling the air with its fragrance, while a thousand joys, like a flock of singing birds, make their nests in the branches thereof.

Before Bob fell asleep that night he fixed upon four rules of action, which he resolved should be the guiding principles of his life. First: He would be kind-hearted to everybody. Second: He would be strictly honest. Third: He would mind his own business. Fourth: He would work hard. Four solid corner-stones for a substantial character; for practical kindness develops the generous affections, honesty promotes self-respect, toleration preserves candor, and industry is an un-failing fountain of contentment. Four sure sources of social happiness; for kindness attracts friends, honesty wins them, forbearance secures them, and industry prevents dependence on them. Our young philosopher thought he had done a great day's work in renovating half a dozen harnesses; but he had done a greater night's work in laying

this strong underpinning of future successes.

Two years after this, three men were walking in company along the handsome streets of a central village of Massachusetts. One was tall, neatly dressed, with a scholastic profile and thoughtful eye; and being, with a hurried air, a step or two in advance of the others, showed that he was in haste to accomplish the business that evidently for a time occupied the attention of the three. The next was a large, heavily-molded, sedate-looking man, with the air of one who never starts till he is obliged to, and who never turns back after he starts. The third was a short, florid-faced individual, whose restless eye and active muscles would rank him at once among the wide-awakes. The trio were, respectively, the doctor, the minister, and the principal merchant of the village.

Arriving at a large brick building on the corner of a business street, the nimble merchant led the way up an outside flight of stairs, and escorted his colleagues into a large and pleasant room known as the "Selectmen's office," but plentifully bestrewn with dust and cobwebs. Those worthy Ephori of New England towns have seldom occasion for frequent sessions, the township machinery being so old and simple and perfect as to run most of the time by itself. Their office, therefore, is a kind of general resort for all sorts of committee men who are in any way connected with the public business.

The gentlemen who had just entered and were busy brushing the dust from a few chairs scattered about the room, were the honorable Board of School Examiners for the township, and were meeting for the first time after their election. Notice had been given in the village paper that on that day and hour the committee would meet any persons who proposed to engage in teaching for

the ensuing winter, and make investigation into their qualifications. About a dozen applicants—young men and women—were soon in attendance, seated on a long dusty bench that had been hauled up from the farther end of the room and placed at a convenient proximity to the honorable Board.

It was soon arranged that, on the principle of adaptation, the merchant should conduct the examination in arithmetic, the minister in grammar, and the doctor in geography and miscellaneous matters. When all was ready, the little merchant, who was to commence the attack, discovered, as usual in such cases, that they were unprovided with text-books. But each examiner, confident that he was well versed in his own department, decided that books were not necessary, much to the alarm of some novices on the long bench, who expected to be examined by the stereotype questions at the bottom of the page, the answers to which they had at their tongues' ends.

Great were their dismay and perplexity, therefore, at the odd questions in arithmetic popped rapidly at them by the little merchant, drawn chiefly from his own department of trade, and such as neither Davies nor Colburn ever dreamed of. The minister, too, caused them embarrassment by calling the parts of speech by names they had never heard before; while the doctor, who seemed to have a special affection for mountains and islands, kept them climbing and swimming till they had circumnavigated the globe more times than old Captain Cook.

The candidates had nearly all been overhauled, and the name of the last on the bench was called, when the door opened and turned the attention of the company to a young man who made his way rather timidly across the echoing room toward the corner occupied by the examiners. He was neatly enough dressed, but not in the finest cloth. His

boots were of stout cowhide, and his cap of seal-skin. He approached with the air of one somewhat embarrassed, yet bent on his errand. Bringing himself to a resolute stand, he asked in a strong voice, a good deal louder than necessary:

"Are schoolmasters examined here, to-day?"

He was answered in the affirmative, and motioned to a seat on the long bench. The candidate in hand was soon dispatched, and all eyes were turned with curiosity on the new-comer, who was busy with an old and well-worn book which he had drawn from his coat pocket. He was a stranger to all; but we recognize in him our old friend Bob, who in the past two years had managed, at early and late hours, to pick up a good deal of learning, aided by a few months of schooling.

The minister turned to him and said:

"Do you propose to be examined for a teacher's certificate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever keep school?" asked the merchant.

"No, sir."

"Have you engaged one?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir; at the Oak Corners."

The committee exchanged looks of surprise, for the Oak Corners was one of the largest and most important schools in the whole town; and the rough specimen before them did not seem like such a man as Esquire Osgood, the agent, and the most intelligent and critical man in the district, would be likely to select.

However, the candidate was fairly before them, and their duty was plain, and they proceeded at once with the examination, which, as might be expected, was unusually critical. But Bob was not the man to put himself in a position for which he was unprepared, and he sustained the test without any flinching or tripping.

After the committee had gone through with the usual routine of questions, the merchant, disposed to be a little quizzical toward the candidate, asked the old question:

"If a hundred weight of beef were worth ten dollars, what would a whole ox come to?"

"Come to his fodder," replied Bob, who, though not lacking in reverence, was yet sensitive to ridicule.

The doctor, enjoying the repartee, ventured what he considered a witty question in his department, and asked:

"How long is the North Pole?"

"About half as long as a doctor's bill," was the reply.

The clergyman, who, strange to say, always relished a good joke, came in for his turn by inquiring:

"If a school boy, when questioned, should give you impertinent answers, what would you think to be a proper punishment?"

"Have him examined by a school committee, sir."

After exchanging half comical glances at each other, as if in doubt to which side of the house the joke belonged, the committee held a side consultation, and voted a full certificate of qualifications, authorizing Mr. Robert Lane to teach in any school-district of the town.

The successful candidate, happy over the issue of the ordeal so much dreaded by young teachers, took up his march with an elastic step for the Oak Corners. Who that has ever had practice in common school instruction will fail to understand the novel and odd experiences the teacher undergoes in introducing himself, a stranger, to a promiscuous crowd of strange children and youth, among whom the scene of his labors happens to be cast.

There is, perhaps, no situation in life where a person finds himself more completely drawn into the very focus of curiosity. The frogs, sitting in a row

at the edge of the pond, waiting for their king from Jupiter, were not a more curious and critical folk than a school-house full of boys and girls impatiently awaiting the arrival of a new master.

With a disposition to put themselves in becoming order for the exciting reception; the pupils at Oak Corners, at their first glimpse of the teacher turning the distant bend of the road, all ran to the seats, they had chosen, with the common understanding that the master's first impressions of their propriety and good manners should be excellent. But it was a task beyond the powers of juvenile capacity. The hands wouldn't stay folded; the feet wouldn't keep still; heads would turn; smiles would steal out sideways; smiles are the seed of laughter; laughter is cumulative and contagious, and at length burst out from the roguish, swelling face of a little girl on a little seat, setting fire to the whole magazine of explosive spirits just in time to greet the teacher as he entered the door. In doubt as to the significance of this boisterous introduction, Bob's face took the hue of a boiled lobster; but he walked straight to his appropriate place and took the chair waiting for him.

The hilarity subsided as suddenly as it had risen, and then began that examination of the teacher, which is always more sharp and critical, and often more accurate, than any previous investigation by school boards or supervisors, even though they be all doctorated and spectacted gentlemen. Give me a smart school-boy for a judge of human nature. His scale of criticism is graduated to the thousandth part of an inch, and he seldom mistakes in his measurements. His conclusions are not reached by reasonings, but by intuition. In fact, he works the great problem by animal instinct, which, in its sphere, is far above reason. He watches little things; performs analysis and synthesis

on every motion, every look, every tone of the teacher. He weighs and marks and lays away all those undefined and imponderable things about the man, and that make the man, which older people entirely overlook. While they are scraping the shell, he has tasted the nut. His is the sucking period of the judgment. He will absorb and digest all the juices of a character, while older people are trying to carve and disjoint it with the knives and forks of technical criticism.

An aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney once told the writer that Bonaparte never put any dependence on the first fire of his troops, owing to the nervousness incident to the opening of a battle. The first day of a school is of no use in the way of book-study. It is the boys' day for examining the teacher; and the investigation is thorough, acute and final. The jury has no occasion for a night session, for every boy has his verdict made up before sunset, and seldom deviates from the law and testimony of common sense. It is not a scrutiny of his scholarship nor attainments, but of that which a school committee never reach—his disposition, mental calibre, administrative talent, and that other thing which no dictionary has yet been able to define, *tact*. And this first day of school, though he may not know it, usually settles the question of the teacher's good or ill success. Bob, bringing to his aid his well-trained habits of self-command and sound sense, soon made himself at home in his new sphere, for which he had for two years been ambitiously training himself, and was now as ambitiously determined to fill with success and honor. By earnest work, judicious discipline, and kindly deportment, he was not long in getting command, not only of the minds, but of the hearts of his pupils. And when this conquest was made, he found little need of the outward machinery of government.

The winter wore rapidly away. The

best of understanding existed between teacher and pupils; fine progress was made in all the studies; and, in short, Bob's first experiment in school-keeping was a happy one. But the satisfaction of having done his work well was not the only satisfaction that the young teacher carried away with him, when he left the scene of his winter's labors.

In one of the back seats of the school-house, close up in the corner, behind a little pile of neatly covered books, consisting of a Reader, a Spelling-Book, an Arithmetic, a Geography, a Grammar, and a Primary Algebra, sat and studied with great diffidence, through the term, Bob's best scholar, a girl of seventeen and a half years. She was active, intelligent, witty, amiable, generous-hearted, and homely. Nature, in embellishing her heart with the richest of treasures, had forgotten to put the finishing touches of beauty on her face. But a warm fire shines just as cheerfully from the chinks of a log cabin as from the gilded windows of a palace.

Mary Ladd, with her noble disposition, enjoyed that happy condition of heart which Plato so earnestly desired when he went into the temple of Jupiter and prayed, "Oh, make me beautiful within!" The zealous young teacher, imperceptibly, without plan or design, or the calculation of possible consequences, found himself growing unusually interested in the young lady's progress—so much so as to make frequent visits to her desk necessary, and profers of aid more frequent perhaps than her real difficulties demanded. The sharp eyes of the other scholars discovered the fact before the honest heart of Bob itself was half conscious of it; and he was not fully awakened to the real state of the case till he was indirectly but rudely made aware of it by a spiteful speech from an ignorant, idle girl, with a beautiful face, who sat opposite. In short, the fact must be ad-

mitted and confessed that Bob had committed the folly of falling in love with one of his own pupils; but, if folly it was, the event was destined to add a new impulse to his ambition and give a new spur to his energies.

After finishing his engagement in the school, and receiving the small sum of money which was due him for his winter's work, he began to cast about him for some plan of future employment which should have the promise and advantages of permanency. Hitherto, since he had launched himself upon the world, he had, from time to time, been catching at the nearest supports, doing whatever first came to hand. This habit afforded him an excellent training in industry, but was leading him along in a sort of aimless life, without the stimulus of a grand and noble purpose, well defined, and to which he could bend all his talents and all his activities. This want he had now become sufficiently wise to see and feel in all its force; he was tired of being, as it were, everybody's servant, and he felt within him those stirring energies which convinced him that he was capable of striking out a manly and independent course. He surveyed with deliberate and careful reflection the whole field of business enterprises, faithfully measuring and comparing his capacities with what he supposed were the demands of each. One after another was dismissed from his thoughts, as he decided them to be beyond the reach of his qualifications. He felt that his general education was too meagre to hope for success in any of the professions which are called "learned," and his plan became finally reduced to a choice between some mechanical trade and a mercantile occupation—which, he would leave for after reflection and circumstances to decide. With this much of purpose before him, he left the Oak Corners at the opening of spring, and, traveling to the northern



part of New York, made an engagement with a farmer to work for an indefinite period, that whenever a way was open for a favorable change he might be ready to secure it.

Meanwhile, affairs at his childhood's home remained almost unchanged. Thistle Patch was Thistle Patch still. The confirmed vice of its unhappy tenants stood in the way of all industry and improvement; and where clean and thrifty vegetation should have abounded, and esculent herbs and golden grain should have yielded their manifest fruit, and cultivated flowers given tribute of beauty and fragrance, the rank thistle, year after year, still grew and decayed and scattered its baneful seeds. Squire Fessenden, experiencing the success in his profession which his industry and faithfulness merited, was rapidly rising in rank and in the esteem of the widening circle of his clients and acquaintances. The sign of the old tavern had been retouched with paint, a little redder if possible than the original, and its outside benches were still filled with idle tipplers, though here and there a few were missing—fallen like rotten apples before the harvest.

Bob, during the many months that had passed since his desperate exodus from Thistle Patch, had held no communication with home. He was not ready for that. The object that prompted his departure was not yet secured. The strong words of advice that fell from the lips of the Squire were yet ringing in his ears, and had lost none of their influence. He was determined never to go back, nor open communication with the unhappy associations of his boyhood, till he could do it so changed in character and condition as to command universal respect. The ripple of excitement which followed his sudden disappearance had quickly subsided, and he was already nearly forgotten. There was one, however, who had not forgotten him, but who had thoughts for him

almost daily. This was the good Squire, who had correctly coupled with his departure the belief that he had gone forth with a purpose so good, and a will so firm, that he would not fail of an honorable success. He had full faith that Bob would cut a straight path through the wilderness; and the young man's long silence, instead of discouraging, confirmed his faith.

On a still and sunny October afternoon, Mr. Stowe, of the firm of Stowe, Talbot and Co., of New Orleans, while sitting in his counting-room, was accosted by a young man, who inquired if he could give him employment of any kind in his establishment. The merchant, noticing the neat dress and intelligent look of the applicant, was a little surprised to hear him inquire for employment of "any kind," as young men usually have a choice as to their positions, and are apt to be a little fastidious about them. The stranger's general appearance and cheerful face did not warrant the supposition that he was in a pecuniary strait, and therefore ready to do any thing for relief; and the merchant, a little at a loss how to answer him, and having a curiosity to know something about him, replied, more by way of a test than as a serious proposal:

"We have no vacancy in our house at present, excepting that of porter. We want an additional porter; you can have that position."

To the surprise of the merchant, the young man replied:

"I thank you, sir. When shall I come?"

"Come at once," was the business-like reply, and Bob, for we have recognized him by his voice, rapidly retired, and in an hour reappeared and presented himself to the merchant, dressed in a suit adapted to his new duties, and reported himself ready for work. The merchant, not to be outdone in prompt-

ness, set him at once to the task of removing some heavy barrels and boxes, for what purpose he hardly knew himself.

Our hero, with his increasing intelligence and growing knowledge of men, had given way somewhat to an adventurous spirit, and having pretty fully decided to devote himself to merchandise, determined to plant himself in some great commercial city and take his chances. Having a favorable opportunity of conveyance to New Orleans, without much expense, he fixed upon that point as the scene of his grand experiment. It required no small degree of pluck and self-reliance to face the many difficulties and perils which he plainly saw in the path before him; but he called to mind the admirable code of rules he had elaborated in the stable-loft so long ago, and from which he had never yet swerved, and convinced himself that principles which had already proved to him so valuable must be good in any latitude. He had learned, among other good things, not to be in a hurry. This was really one of the effects of his habits of industry; for the most industrious always have the most leisure, and therefore have not so much need of haste. In his desire to do every thing thoroughly, he was glad of an opportunity to begin in the lowest department of his mercantile career, in order that his knowledge of the business might be the more complete. This fact made him both contented and faithful in his duties.

For several months he had given himself earnestly to his work, with an observant and watchful eye, learning many things of value in the business outside of his particular sphere, and losing no opportunity, in whatever way he could, of advancing the interests of his employers. Such a course could not escape the notice of their vigilant eye. Indeed, Mr. Stowe, the leading member of the firm, had been from the

beginning much interested in the young man's deportment, though he had said nothing to others. One morning, however, when the members of the firm were together, Mr. Stowe asked:

"Do you know that we have a young man among the barrels in the warehouse whose capacities are far above his station, and who deserves promotion?"

The others replied that his excellent habits had attracted their attention, but they inquired:

"Is his education equal to his industry?"

It was agreed that Mr. Stowe should make investigation on this point, and if satisfactory, that a clerkship recently made vacant should be offered him. To the surprise and gratification of Mr. Stowe he found Bob amply qualified for the position, and much pleased at the prospect of promotion.

Applying his stable principles and wonted industry to his new duties, he soon became master of them, and from his more favorable position was enabled to add much to his knowledge of business by an alert observation of all that was going on around him. With his growing skill, he made equal progress in the confidence and esteem of his employers. In this way he soon made himself a necessity to them. "We couldn't do without him," was their frequent remark. And when a young man in any business arrives at this point, his success is certain; he begins to have an influence that is controlling, and becomes a leader instead of a follower, and there will always be a place for him.

The progress of Bob—or Mr. Lane, as we should now call him, since he has turned from boy to man—was rapid in his knowledge of business, and he was always promoted whenever a vacancy occurred above him, till the fourth year of his engagement, when he reached the highest grade, and occupied that important position usually denominated

the "confidential clerkship." Indeed, for some time previous, no small part of the most important transactions of the house had been committed entirely to his care; and his management had always justified the trust. He had not forgotten, in his devotion to business, his favorite school-girl away off at the Oak Corners, for she had already been for two years his household companion.

At the close of the sixth year of his faithful and acceptable connection with the firm, he communicated to them his intention of leaving their establishment and commencing business in his own name. The firm regretted his resignation, but approved his course; and, in a note signed by each member, testified their high esteem for his character and business talent, and cordially authorized him to use the credit of the house to aid him in his new enterprise. This generous offer, together with the little capital he had been able to save from his liberal salary, and the large acquaintance he had acquired among commercial men, gave him excellent facilities for his undertaking. And Providence seemed to be in haste to reward him for the honorable and upright principles he had practiced while in the service of others; for, immediately on leaving the old firm, making a trip up the river to Baton Rouge, he bought a large consignment of cotton, which, by one of those fluctuations frequent in trade, advanced largely on his hands, and returned to him a net profit of forty thousand dollars. A transaction in sugar, a few months afterwards, by a similar good fortune, added to his gains an almost equal amount. With the handsome capital now in his possession he laid the foundation of a large business, which he continued for many years with uninterrupted success.

Wearied at last of protracted toil, and in possession of an ample fortune,

he retired from active business and changed his residence to Cincinnati. And now he was ready to revisit Thistle Patch; and his parents, who, though so long unseen, had been often remembered and aided by him for many years — old, but reformed in habits, were soon to welcome with heartfelt greetings a son whose noble life and dutiful affection had reclaimed them from a condition worse than poverty.

Sitting in a handsome office on Exchange street, in Portland, surrounded by a large library, on shelves not of unpainted pine, was an old gentleman, with portly presence and benevolent visage, reading his morning newspaper. The door opened, and a stranger, possessed of a pleasing countenance, entered, and with the ease of a man of the world took a chair beside the other. A few courteous and commonplace remarks were interchanged, when the stranger, looking around the room, said:

"Your office, Squire, has been much enlarged and improved since I was in it last."

The old gentleman looked at him with surprise, not knowing what to reply, as he had occupied the same office unchanged for the last twenty years. The stranger, noticing his embarrassment, added, in a low, earnest tone:

*"Above all things, break away from Thistle Patch!"*

There was a moment of silence, each looking the other in the eye, when the Squire jumped from his chair and caught the stranger's hand, exclaiming with a tremulous voice:

"Oh, Bob! Bob! I knew it would be so! I knew you would be back in the evening, bringing your sheaves with you!"

The meeting of the once poor boy, in a condition of life now so changed, as may well be imagined, was one of thrill-

ing gratification to Squire Fessenden, then better and more widely known as General Fessenden. Having outgrown the contracted limits of his profession in the small village of New Gloucester, he had many years before removed to Portland, where he soon acquired a standing in the first rank at the bar. Following the promptings of his actively benevolent spirit, he had endeared himself to the people of the whole State by his faithful and fearless advocacy of every righteous reform—a spirit which in a large measure seems to have been transmitted to his oldest son, William Pitt, so long a leading member of the National Senate, and but recently deceased.

Mr. Lane, after a protracted and interesting visit to the scenes of his boyhood home, returned to Cincinnati; not to maintain a life of indolent ease, but with a sincere desire, as far as his means and ability would admit, to do good to others. His own good fortune had been the fruit of personal benevolence, and he felt a conscientious obligation to

repay the debt as many fold as possible. And as his wealth had been acquired in the exercise of the noblest principles, he presented the rare spectacle of a rich man with a heart untouched by avarice.

Not wishing to squander his benevolence in trivial and injudicious ways, but to make it both practical and permanent, and remembering the disadvantages he had suffered for want of a correct early training, he resolved to do something for the education of indigent young men. After consultation with men of practical wisdom, he finally set apart a liberal fund for the establishment of an institution of learning near Cincinnati; which institution has now been for some years the pride of that city.

Thus, in this interesting career of Robert Lane, the neglected boy of Thistle Patch, we find not only much incidental instruction, but also the origin and name of that noble institution, the "Lane Theological Seminary."

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## DEZZENZANO.

BY H. D. JENKINS.

"DEZZENZANO!" There were only three of us that got off the cars, Cook and Dean and I; and I verily believe that we three were a matter of surprise and wonderment to the porter of the Hotel Royal Meyer. We shook the hands of one or two friendly tourists, who were going through the grand tour in the order laid down in that Practical Guide-Book, which guarantees to show one "all the continent in six months, at the least possible expense." Then the train disappeared, as if by magic; and we,

passing through the large station, stood alone in the silence and the soft light of early evening.

I think we would have been content to have lighted our cigars, and to have sat down there beneath the the feathery locusts that line the avenue to the depot. There lay the village and there the lake and there the castle, and, sweeping far around to the right and behind us, there the storied field of Solferino. But the porter of the Royal Meyer thought otherwise. When he had stored our small luggage safely in

his omnibus he held the door open for us. No, I thank you. If we might not sit beneath the locusts we would have nought else between us and the sky; so up on the top we went. The driver clambered up after us. Then the long lash unwound, and, flinging itself out to right and left, exploded in a series of reports as if a whole pack of fire-crackers had been lighted above the horses' ears. The emaciated steeds roused themselves for a triumphal entry, and rattled the dilapidated vehicle over the rough cobbles in a way that made us bounce like so many rubber balls. As we clattered beneath the walls of the castle, Cook, who was the linguist of the party, sought information. "*Có-me, burr-r-r-questo castello?*" After repeating this two or three times, the driver answered, "*Castello antico.*" This reply being as satisfactory as the information of most guide-books, we relapsed into silence.

If you are going to Italy, make a note of this: To begin any question, you have simply to begin with "*Có-me,*" and to conclude, prefix the name of the thing at which you point with "*questo.*" You may fill out between the two with any indistinguishable rumble. In this way you will pass for a scholar, and will be sure to receive answers more or less to the point.

Whack! whack! whack! went the whip, redoubling its fury as we entered the narrow streets of the town. Big and little hurried door-and-window-ward to stare at the arrivals. Later in the evening, when we were out walking, some small boys followed us about with almost as much interest as if we had been monkeys. Presently, close upon the lake, we pulled up at the Royal Meyer.

"Be sure and go to the Hotel Cavour, at Milan," said some one to me when in Naples. We went, and found simply another Fifth Avenue or Sherman House. If you want to see an

out-and-out Italian hotel, go to the Royal Meyer at Dezzenzano. We buy a lot and build *upon* it; they build *around* it. An arched gate-way gives entrance from the street. The omnibus drives into this courtyard, and there we dismount. At the right hand is the porter's lodge and the kitchen; in front of us—that is, opposite the entrance from the street—is the breakfast room; and in close proximity to said room are the stables, and on the left are servants' quarters. All the ground-floors are laid in red, coarse brick. The second story has an uncovered gallery running all around it, reached by uncovered stairways. Here the village artist had disported himself in frescoes, painting unnecessary doors, partly opened by coy maidens; and, if I remember rightly, one fair damsel leaning from a window, listening to an imaginary serenade. There was a hay-loft somewhere in this second story; for we saw them one day unloading a cart here. We did not investigate the third story for fear of discovering a chicken-roost and pig-sty. The chambers and dining-room were floored with tiles, or laid in shining purple-concrete cement.

Our landlord told us his first lie before we had been in the house five minutes. "When could we go up the lake?" "No boat would leave in three days." The next morning when we rose for breakfast we saw one just leaving the pier.

However, we were comfortably lodged in airy rooms, overlooking the ever-glorious Garda. There could many worse things have happened to us. We had a balcony overhanging the water and looking way up to the north, where the lake hid itself among the mountains. It was cool here all day, and we needed no other amusement for the first half-day than to sit with our cigars and watch the diminutive white-caps mimicking the ocean's surges.

Then we lighted fresh cigars over speculations as to what might be seen among those blue mist-enshrouded hills, were we only there. Now and then a gull, sweeping in slow curves above the waves, afforded sufficient subject for meditative watching; now a fishing-boat, tossing far out from shore, was followed by the eye through half an hour of silence.

In the course of the afternoon we were somehow seized with a desire for fishing. We called up the bottle-nosed *garcon*, who was in all things the landlord's lieutenant. Not having a fishing-line or so much as a hook to point at, our Italian failed to be understood. This was nothing against our linguistic culture; but only another argument for the desirability of object-teaching. In an agony of despair the *garcon* disappeared, and presently in his place stood the landlord, bearing his gold-embroidered velvet cap in hand, and wreathing his mustache in a winning smile. "Would *Messieurs* communicate to him in French their desires?" Now, had he asked us whether our aunt had his silver pencil-case, we could have answered him promptly and to the point, from our study of Fasquelle's Complete Method; but here was a contingency for which that admirable text-book unfortunately made no provision. But just at the crisis, Cook, looking out of the window, discovered several small boys with hooks and lines on the shelving bank. We left the hotel, and soon effected the purchase of the necessary articles, at a somewhat exorbitant rate. In the course of an hour Cook caught one small minnow, which he laid beside his pearl-handled knife. An unprincipled cat, however, soon ran off with the prize, and afterward made a desperate attempt upon the fishy-looking knife. It proving less palatable, was spared.

On the second day we expected to see the town. But we found nothing in it

except a fine roomy church, with massive granite pillars. In the course of an hour we came to a fac-simile of this church, as we supposed; but a little investigation convinced us that the crooked streets had simply brought us back to the same building. We blundered into a chapel, and found something above the altar covered by a curtain. This raised our curiosity. Supposing it to be some valuable work of art, we searched for the string whereby to move the curtain. Having found it, one pull, to our consternation, brought it tumbling down. We gave a glance at the doll Madonna, in a blue silk dress and tinsel crown, that it had sheltered, and then left the place precipitously, leaving the priest and peasants to account for the disclosure as miraculously as they might choose.

But the old castle above the village well repaid a visit. It is a noble enclosure, with great towers and battlemented turrets at the angles. It has a double court, wherein a small army might maneuver. The front is thickly matted with ivy; the gate-way ornamented with a rude painting of the crucifixion. One could not help speculating as to what deeds of violence here done had transformed the gate-way into a place of prayer. Ah, that sweet story of the cross, what other refuge do the centuries afford? what other scene has been painted over so many blood-stains?

The walls of the old castle are cracked through and through, but are standing entire. There are some wretched dwellings within the courts, where peasant-women were feeding silk-worms.

We went out and sat down upon the broad terrace before the central tower. Below lay Dezzenzano, as ragged but as picturesque as Murrillo's "Beggar Boy." There had been a shower rolling past us from the west, whose edges hung brokenly over the town. Now it had veered a little, sweeping up the

lake to the north. The sun was half-way down by this time, and fell aslant upon wave and shore. The water beyond the town flushed under it from a blackish blue into the deepest and richest tint of purple, flecked with white when the waves broke in foam. From the southeastern limit, near Peschiera, the low close-cut meadows of the promontory of Sermione were thrust through the purple waters; and, touched by the sun, the rounded cape glowed like a huge emerald, while above the purple of lake and green of shore, a full rainbow was hung on the silken curtain of the receding storm, spanning the whole from east to west; the deep blue-black mountains showing dimly through the colors of either end, fading away toward the center until lost in the misty storm that brooded over the northern half of Garda. When the evening had brushed the colors away, we walked back to the hotel reverently, as from some Horeb where God had been unveiling his glory before our eyes.

One afternoon our mania for fishing returned. I may as well confess that I was always the prime mover to these fiascos. Somehow I have always had an "itching palm" for rods and lines that no failure will cure for more than forty-eight hours. It was not difficult to persuade the other two that there *must* be fish in this lake, only waiting for the adventurous spirit to brave them. We spurned the petty minnow hooks of the previous attempt; and, securing a well-equipped boat, with a three hundred feet trolling-line, we struck boldly for the deep water. A quarter of a mile out, over went the spoon. Determined to give the fish no excuse, I paid the line freely. But fate was against us. A squall struck the lake and tossed our boat up and down like a cork. A cross-wave unshipped an oar, another whisked the boat round like a weather-cock; and then the line,

getting foul of the rudder, raised it from its socket and sent it drifting helplessly away. Something like an hour afterward we were helped, by a peasant, to a landing a mile or so from town. There was a bill against us at the hotel when we got there.

After all, we found few things more enjoyable than simply strolling along the shore. The southern part of Garda, unlike the northern half, is set amid meadows and harvest-fields that roll prettily down to the water-line. Sometimes we would bathe in the lake, preferring the western side, where the bottom was shelving and pebbly. One could count the pebbles at an almost incredible depth. One day, as we were standing on the shore, skipping flat stones over its then unruffled surface, I picked up a piece of exquisitely variegated marble. It was almost the color of the choicest porphyry. It was flat on the sides, showing the work of saw and pumice. All the edges were worn round by long tumbling in the water. It was the sole relic of the old days when the aristocracy of the Roman Empire had their villas hereabouts. Of all that magnificence, this only was left—a bit of marble two inches square! I gave it to Dean, who lives upon the Hudson, to write a sermon on.

The road running along the lake shore eastward toward Peschiera, where the Peace of '59 was signed, is modern, smooth, and in every respect admirable. We used to stray down this way at times, picking poppies and bachelor's-buttons out of the unfenced wheat-fields. It was getting late in the week, and we knew that we must soon move on to Milan. To save our reputation for sanity we felt that we must go back to the noise, dust, confusion, nonsense and humbug of the great cities. We laid out a long walk for the evening preceding our departure from Dezzenzano. We started early and followed this eastern road for at least four miles.



We passed through two or three villages, built in the Italian way; that is, each house is covered with stucco, stands close upon the street, joined upon either side by its neighbor, without so much as an alley between. No flowers, no grass, no trees, no breathing space—only a long crooked street between, as it were, a continuous house on either side.

It was well into dusk when we were returning through the village next to Dezzenzano. The usual silence was broken by the murmur of human voices. We found this to proceed from a little chapel, scarcely different in its exterior from the houses on either side. Lifting the quilted mat that did duty as a door, we uncovered our heads and entered. Nowhere had I seen the Roman service so impressive. The gorgeous pomps of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday did not so touch the heart. The chapel walls, bare and unadorned, reflected no glory of art upon the worship. The altar, opposite the entrance, was surmounted by two or three cheap prints. A half-dozen candles of smoking tallow threw light upon more true worshipers, perhaps, than the six thousand wax tapers that light up the Pauline Chapel of the Vatican on Good Friday. There was a young

priest ministering at the altar, whose voice and mien spoke of the felt presence of the Deity. He was dressed with scrupulous care, but in inexpressive robes. When he bowed before the crucifix, so profound was the reverential expression of his face that one could scarce forbear an involuntary following of his example. On the steps leading up to the altar were picturesque groups of bare-footed boys, their garrulous clamor hushed into unstirring silence. Not even our entrance, which they observed, could provoke from them a whisper. Behind these, and filling up all the space to the door, knelt the whole village. The women, dressed in cheap cottons, wore colored handkerchiefs upon their heads. The men, in stout jackets of blue cotton and knee-breeches of the same, bowed their unkempt heads and shaggy beards in unfeigned awe.

We withdrew as quietly as we had entered, and finished our walk in a thoughtful silence—not sorry to bear away with us, as a finale to the scenes about Lake Garda, this one of the little chapel, wherein village curate and all his rude unlettered flock were together knelt in adoration of the God that gave fertility to these fields, beauty to this lake, and sublimity to these mountains.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

BY WILLIAM CORKRAN.

**R**EMEMBERING Mr. Thackeray from early boyhood, both in Paris and at Onslow Square, London, and having had, through my family, intimate intercourse with the great novelist, it is with pleasure that I recall a few reminiscences of his life.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, in the year 1811. His father, an officer in the Royal Engineers, died young. His mother, celebrated for her beauty, after having worn the weeds of widowhood for a reasonable time, intermarried with Major Carmichael Smith, of the Royal Bengal Army. So enervating is the climate of India, that all children of European descent, if their parents can afford it, are sent to Europe. Young Thackeray, therefore, to use his own words, "was packed, bag and baggage, at seven years of age, on board of an Indiaman bound for England." He had hardly entered his teens, and hidden his little red legs in a pair of pantaloons, before the relatives to whom he was consigned placed him at Charter-House School.

The system of fagging was then in vogue, by which a boy in a lower class is forced to do menial services for another boy of a higher class; and that system was enforced with an oriental despotism. No sooner, therefore, had young Thackeray become established in this community of two thousand boys, than he was seized, put up at auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder, who was a recognized bully. The services exacted were of the most menial and even cruel nature; not merely such as blacking boots, dust-

ing books, and brushing clothes—but the poor boy, of a cold winter's night, was often aroused at midnight and required to get into his master's bed, and when a sufficient amount of heat had been abstracted from his own body to make the sheets comfortable, he was routed out and required to stand barefooted, in his scant night-gown, and sing some lullaby, while the brutal bully took possession, and tucked himself up preparatory to dropping off in pleasant dreams; and when the measured breathing of the sleeper indicated that he had attained to that blissful state, the poor boy would steal off shivering to his own bed.

In the lapse of time, as the boy grew older and rose to the higher forms, he became possessed of a fag in his own right. But he manifested a merciful disposition; and many a man in England, at this day, can recall how the small boys gathered around our hero and besought that they might occupy that relation.

At eighteen, Thackeray was tall, muscular, remarkably handsome, and possessed of an exuberance of animal spirits; and, at the same time, within that magnificent corporeal frame there dwelt a heart gentle as the dove. There was a poor sickly boy, the fag of an overgrown bully, who had sought refuge in his room. His pale face, his streaming eyes, his hectic cough betokening an early death, all excited Thackeray's compassion, and he resolved to shield him at every hazard. The bully insisted on his rights, and, according to the code of faggism, Thackeray was compelled to return the fugitive or fight

it out. He preferred the latter; and twenty years afterwards I had the pleasure of hearing the recital of the combat from the lips of the principals themselves.

Every Englishman is a firm devotee to "Fistiana." The decisions of the umpire are as irrevocable as those of the Lord Chancellor. The attendants on the "roped arena" embrace every class of society, from the highest to the lowest; and even "Old Pam," as the late Prime Minister was called, loved to lay aside the cares of state and steal away to witness a fistic exhibition.

On this particular occasion, the excitement ran high. The "big boys" were opposed to Thackeray, while the "young 'uns" hailed him as their champion. His opponent was the "cock" of the school. Both were athletes, and it was considered that the scales of victory were evenly poised.

It was arranged that after school the champions should meet, stripped to the waist, and fight it out according to the code. The set-to was long and bloody. After several rounds, Thackeray dealt a heavy blow, but not recovering in time, his opponent smashed his nose and stretched him on the ground insensible. Thus the beauty of his face was forever disfigured, and this disfiguration is perpetuated in his portraits.

There is this, however, which shows the nobleness of Thackeray's character. With the man who had thus permanently disfigured his features, he cultivated kindly relations. They became warm personal friends, and very often in after life were to be seen together. Even the Misses Thackeray never allowed a word or look to wound the feelings of one who had thus inflicted a permanent injury on their father.

After leaving Charter-House School, he was entered a student at Cambridge College. It was here that he passed

his twenty-first year, which was signalized by his inheritance of a fortune of £20,000. Thus easy in his circumstances, with an abounding wit, and with a warm heart capable of embracing the whole human race, Thackeray became the most *recherché* of companions. He was in a position, in his own estimation, to pay off the national debt. Dog-carts, horses, champagne, etc., were indulged in, and he found no difficulty in obtaining friends to share with him these luxuries. One especial friend persuaded him to invest in a particular speculation, in which the results would be all the way from a hundred to a thousand fold; but after the lapse of a few months Thackeray found himself stranded high and dry. He left college without taking a degree, gathered up the *disiecta membra* of his fortune, and resolved to travel. He passed through Europe and penetrated to parts of Asia, making drawing and painting his speciality, in which he flattered himself that he was destined to excel, little aware that, with him, the pen was to prove mightier than the brush or pencil.

He first wrote a series of articles for the "Times," on high art, in which, of course, a young man is supposed to have all the wisdom of the ancients, to say nothing of modern accretions. He then became a regular contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," and, under the pseudonym of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "George Fitz-Boodles," produced a variety of tales, criticisms, verses and sketches—a very olla-podrida—showing a vast range of wit, humor and pathos, in fact a perfect *abandon* of intellectual wealth. Then came traveling sketches of men and manners, embodied in the "Paris Sketch-book," followed by the "Irish Sketch-book," superadded to which was a highly characteristic account of a voyage to the East, entitled, "From Cornhill to Cairo."

During this period of his gradually

growing reputation, his hand could be frequently traced in the pages of Fraser, where his "Men's Wives," his "Yellowplush Papers," his "Shabby-Genteel Story," his "Great Hoggarty Diamond," and his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," successively appeared.

The establishment of "Punch," however, in 1841, afforded an appropriate sphere for the display of his peculiar talents. Here appeared his "Snob Papers," his "Prize Novelists," and his "James's Diary," together with many ballads, alike excellent and ludicrous, illustrated by his own pencil.

It was, however, the publication of his "Vanity Fair," (1846-8)—a work which was declined by several publishers—that advanced him to the front rank among modern novelists. To this succeeded in rapid succession other works which confirmed his fame—"Pendennis," "The Newcombes," "Phillip," "Esmond," and "Virginians." Some of his principal characters were taken from members of his own family. Thus, the good old Colonel Newcombe, whom everybody loves, "and whose gruff voice was the sweetest music to the poor and afflicted," is none other than his step-father's brother—Lieutenant-General Charles Carmichael, of the Royal India Artillery. This character is first introduced in "Vanity Fair" as "Dobbin," the big, heavy, soft-headed dragoon, who is always doing some kind act in an outlandish manner. He is perpetuated as an old man in Colonel Newcombe, the Good Samaritan, who has a hearty pride in his family, and loves the broken lance on his armorial crest; and it is amusing, yet touching, to see the proud old soldier pursuing his son, and threatening to cut him off without a shilling unless he enter the army, whilst we can but admire the pluck of the boy, who is ready to submit to all privations rather than abandon his heart's desire—that of becoming a literary man.

Thackeray was destined to experience his full share of this world's misfortunes. His great generous nature was susceptible of the strongest attachments, and on the wife of his bosom was bestowed the full measure of his love. How terrible and crushing must have been the blow, when he woke one morning to find her a maniac! This misfortune was the result of excessive grief at the loss of their first-born child, a lovely girl. Through life, Thackeray mourned that wife as one dead, or rather as one enduring a living death. He spared no pains to render her condition as comfortable as possible. He purchased a beautiful cottage in the south of England, in sight of the green mountains of Devonshire, and surrounded it with shrubbery and flowers, and to that abode Mrs. Thackeray was transferred, under the charge of an attendant, a woman of education and refinement, who receives a pension for her care and devotion. It is a sad sight to see that poor maniac singing to her imaginary babe and talking to her imaginary husband, little aware that both have gone to their long home.

His two surviving daughters, Annie and Minnie, were his constant companions, and aided him in his labors. The elder, Annie, would commit to paper what he dictated, as he stood at a table etching on a block some quaint illustration. The carrying on of the two processes simultaneously did not apparently distract his attention or check the flow of his ideas.

Miss Thackeray has inherited a portion of the genius of her father. She has already produced many sweet and touching stories, enlivened by the wit and repartee so characteristic of his writings.

One of Thackeray's most endearing qualities was his passionate love for children. To see this great stalwart man, whose massive head was crowned with silvery locks which hung down on

his shoulders in ringlets, surrounded by a troop of children, telling them all sorts of stories which brought out shouts of merriment, was a pleasing sight; and many a fond mother in her heart blessed him for these kind acts. Thackeray evidently recognized the full force of the Divine injunction, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

At his Christmas parties, his house in Onslow Square was always filled with children. Behind the magic lantern, which cast grotesque figures on the white canvas, stood Thackeray, exercising his almost ventriloquial powers. Now it is the voice of an old woman scolding her little girl, and then it is the little girl crying and begging not to be whipped. Then two little boys take their first lesson in smoking; they begin to grow sick—sicker—sicker—when follows the catastrophe. So life-like were these representations that the whole audience were convulsed with laughter; and as for myself, I lost all control over my actions—I fell upon the floor and rolled over and over. In vain my mother scolded and my father frowned. The fit was upon me which must gradually pass off.

At one of his parties, Thackeray learned that a little girl, the playmate of his daughters, was sick. Ordering his carriage, and selecting from the Christmas tree the finest fruit and the most beautiful flowers, he drove to the house of the little invalid, and there, for more than an hour, entertained her with stories; and the doctor declared that that visit was worth more than six months' nursing. He would fill his pocket with bright new shillings to bestow on his little visitors.

Thackeray was keenly alive to the misfortunes of his friends. In early life he formed the acquaintance of a Mr. C——. Both were pursuing the same course, with the same goal in view. Thackeray succeeded; his friend failed.

In their rivalry, an estrangement had grown up between them; and when Thackeray heard that his rival was poor and suffering, his eyes filled with tears. One day, at a public table, one of the guests made an ungenerous remark touching his misfortunes, when Thackeray turned upon him almost with fierceness, and said: "Sir! when Mr. C—— dies, the angels will present arms as his soul enters heaven!" Meeting the son of this gentleman, he took him to Paris, showed him the sights; and returning home, when they separated, he placed in the young man's hand a check for a hundred pounds.

Another incident I will give, after a brief introduction, in Thackeray's own words. There was a young man whom we will designate as Phil. Jones. Born of wealthy parents, educated at the best schools of England, and a Fellow of Cambridge, he awoke one morning and found himself penniless. Unlike Thackeray, he failed to make use of his talents to gain a support; and after a few years, each year sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of poverty, he found himself a beggar in the streets of London. It was under such circumstances that Thackeray encountered him. "I met him in the Strand," said he, "looking very poor and very miserable; and being equally averse to avoid his company or to be seen in it, I stepped aside with him into a chop-house. I was not a little moved by comparing what he was with what he had been, and 'drops of compassion trembled in our eyelids' as we bade him tell his 'pitiful story.' 'You little thought,' said he, 'ever to see me in my present sorry plight,' at the same time looking down upon his threadbare clothes, 'but the last twelve months have wrought quite a revolution in my thoughts and ideas of things in general. Often as I had heard the common saying of "one day coming to my senses," I never knew what it meant so long as

I had any one to support me; but now my eyes are opened. I have awakened as if from a dream, and feel like the creature of another sphere, for the world has changed with me altogether. Even the streets are quite different, for ever since my clothes became seedy and clean linen scarce (you see I am forced to button up in the dog-days), I have found myself instinctively keeping to the lanes and alleys. I always cut Regent Street and Golden Square. Not that anybody is very likely to come to me; no! I walk the town as much alone as if I were dropped from a balloon in Kamschatka. Various things strike me as queer and anomalous in this the winter of my misfortunes. It was easier far, while I could hold my head up, to be invited to all the luxuries of the season, than it would be now to beg a loaf of bread. The same men who will spend pounds to be "genteel," won't share a penny to be generous. Very strange, isn't it? There is nothing between turtle soup and starvation! Time hangs very heavy when a fellow is poor. You see I have no home—only a small bedroom in a poor garret; and a man is not expected to be there in the day-time, except once in a while. Then there are penny reading-rooms—one in Leicester Square—but you can't stay there all the morning; they soon find out what you want, and one of the waiters said he should have thought that I had taken a lease of the premises. In fine summer weather I can do very well, but in winter it is awful. I dread next winter. Last Christmas day, the recollections which flooded upon my mind almost broke my heart. As to the idle man's resort—lounging into shops and looking about me—all that is passed away now. The shopman comes up to me and asks, "What do you want?" Even the parks can be said to be only half open to me. I only dare go there in the mornings; and as to loitering about Rotten Row, I should

dread the very thought of the thing. There are glances I might encounter which would pierce me to the very soul. And as to the Serpentine, I have not been near it for weeks. The last time I was there one of the Humane-Society men dogged me and eyed me so suspiciously that I really believe he thought I wanted to drown myself. So all I can do is to move about under the trees, passing gaunt and wretched-looking creatures like myself—men whose coats speak of West-End tailors and of better days. Some of these men look at you sympathetically, as if poverty itself were an introduction, and that we all belonged to the same sorry and stranded fraternity. One man, above fifty years of age, said he had been a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church College, Oxford; another, only seven years before, had lived in Carleton Terrace—a dashing man in the Guards. You wonder to hear such things; but, save from an occasional begging letter, you are never likely to hear of men like these, or learn what has become of them. If you were in such a condition, you would feel a natural shrinking from all your acquaintances; and as to your relations, they will take very good care that no one shall hear it from them.'

"Such was Phil. Jones's narration of his experiences. After finishing his mutton-chop, and warming into a yet more communicative humor over a pint of stout, he said he was greatly indebted for my kindness, and even for the shilling it had saved him. Of course," continued Thackeray, "I could not leave him without a more substantial assistance, which was something to reflect upon and feel happy over all day, for a little happiness goes a long way in these times."

The narration of this little incident was taken down on the spot by one of the listeners, and I, then but a boy, solicited and obtained a copy, which I have thus presented to the reader; and

it may be, O reader! that you express an interest in the subsequent fate of this impecunious individual. If so, it may be stated that he obtained a situation as book-keeper in a large commercial house in London, and even now he may not know that Thackeray was his then unrecognized benefactor.

"Evans's," a first-class restaurant and music-hall in Convent Garden, was the rendezvous of the London wits. Here of a night might be seen Thackeray, Hood, Leech, Dickens, and others, and the atmosphere fairly sparkled with the corruscations of their wit. "Punch" itself is not more replete with good things than was one of these convivial entertainments, but with this difference: that while "Punch" never verges toward indelicacy or *double entente*, this remark would not be applicable to these reunions.

I have often heard it charged that Thackeray was a deep drinker; and it is not to be wondered at, that a man of his strong constitution and eminently social habits should have been betrayed into this vice; but this may be said of him—that he never lost his dignity or self-command.

Smith and Elder were his publishers, and entertained for the author the highest admiration. The senior partner, having accidentally learned that Miss Thackeray had seen, in the London Exposition of 1862, a Persian candelabrum of the finest crystal, and of almost priceless value, which she greatly admired, purchased it of the managers and caused it to be sent to Thackeray's house. Here it was hung up in the drawing-room, and formed, of course, a conspicuous object which at once arrested the gaze of the observer. Thackeray often affected all the imperturbability of the North American Indian—and never allowed himself to be astonished. A friend detected him while engaged in the silent contemplation of

this gorgeous object, and asked: "What are you thinking about?" "Ah!" responded Thackeray, "I was just now calculating how many baskets of champagne would be drunk under this lustre."

But now, in the book of his life, we open to a sadder page. Little prone as we are at this day to superstition, and disposed to regard events as the result of the operation of fixed and uniform laws, it would yet seem that there are in life's career such things as "fatal days."

On the 23d of December, 1862, Major Carmichael Smith, his step-father, after having partaken of a hearty breakfast, proceeded to his room to finish dressing. The carriage was at the door, and his wife was prepared to go out with him; yet he came not. She then sent a servant to ascertain the cause of the delay, when a loud, piercing shriek was heard, and a general rush was made to the room; and there, to the universal horror, was seen the Major sitting in his chair, with his Bible opened on his knees (for it was his daily custom to read a chapter), but stark dead!

On the evening of the anniversary of this event (December 23d, 1863,) a large party was assembled at Thackeray's house in Kensington. The host looked perfectly magnificent, dressed in full evening costume, and he received his guests in his usual dignified and courteous manner. He may be said to have attained to the height of his worldly ambition. He had just entered upon the composition of a new work, which he hoped would prove the crowning act of his literary career. His two charming daughters were at his side, and Annie, the elder, had already embarked in authorship with bright promises of success. An agreeable evening was passed and the guests had departed. At twelve, Thackeray, taking a night-lamp, withdrew for the purpose, as he was wont to say, of



taking advantage of the "wee small hours of the night to collect his brain." Scarcely had his chamber-door closed before there was heard a heavy fall; but the daughters thought that their father was moving a trunk or a desk across the room. The morning dawned—ten o'clock, the breakfast hour, arrived, and the daughters gathered in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of their father—for it was his custom never to breakfast except in their company. This, to him, was the happiest hour of the whole twenty-four. Half an hour glides by, and yet he comes not. An hour succeeds, and still no movement is heard above. The daughters become alarmed at the unusual silence. Minnie turns pale. "Annie," she exclaims, "I must see him." Charles, the serving-man, was ordered to follow her to the chamber. She knocks—no response; still louder—all is silent. The door is forced, and there upon the floor of that richly-garnished room, with the solitary lamp yet burning, in full dress, with pen in hand, the pages of the new book open, and with a smile upon his lips, lay Thackeray. He was dead! Minnie, paralyzed with horror, knelt in that awful sorrow beside the lifeless form of her parent, and even the relief of tears was denied her. We draw the veil over this domestic scene—too sad and solemn to be peered at by the prying eyes of the world. It was the saddest sight I ever witnessed.

The death of Thackeray created a profound sensation in both hemispheres. His multitudinous readers had come to love him, mindful of the many agreeable hours which they had passed in communion with him. While they recognized him as one who remorselessly satirized the vices and even the foibles of mankind, they at the same time recognized the great, broad, generous nature which lay beneath.

The doctors who held a post-mortem examination on his body, pronounced that his death resulted from an over-taxing of his brain, and that it must have been instantaneous.

Napoleon is supposed to have had the largest brain ever submitted to the examination of modern science, but that of Thackeray exceeded it in weight by several ounces.

Thackeray was buried in Kensal-Green cemetery, in the same plain vault where repose the remains of his once-loved daughter.

The year rolls on, and the fatal idea of December recur. The grandmother, with daughters draped in deep mourning on either side, is at the evening service of Trinity Church, Brompton. The Litany had just been said, and the congregation had risen from their knees, but the grandmother remained kneeling. Annie touched her gently, and whispered in her ear, "Granny, get up!" but she stirred not. She then raised the thick black veil from her face. It was rigid in death! The spirit, in the same manner as that of her husband and son, had winged its way to its immortal abode.

A few words must complete this disjointed sketch. When Thackeray died it was supposed, from his generous sympathies and his free mode of living, that his daughters were left without a support, and Messrs. Smith and Elder, the publishers, to their honor be it said, sent them a check-book with every check signed, to be filled up as their wants should require; but fortunately the father had left behind a competency for their support. Annie can, with the pen, carve out a fortune for herself, while Minnie has found a protection in one who, while capable of appreciating her own worth, is not indifferent to the noble traits of her parent.

## HOW I GOT RICH AGAINST MY WILL.

BY MAC ARONE.

AFTER battling for many years with misfortune, misery, reverses and disappointments, I have squatted in St. Louis.

I am now a rich man—a nabob. The assessor has assessed me at \$275,000. I have "Mac Arone Castle" nearly completed, and a crowd of upholsterers and supply-merchants solicit my patronage. Piles of sweet-scented notes daily beg the favor of my society to dinners, suppers and evening parties.

And yet *it was not always so*. I can recollect when I was as poor as poverty—when I vainly solicited employment whereby I might live honestly and decently. Nobody would listen to me; nobody cared for me. Bankers looked suspiciously at my appearance. Clergymen gave me a mess of "cold shoulder." They could *make* nothing out of me. Grocers and saloon-keepers eyed me with mistrust when I asked for five or ten cents' worth of their wares. My tailor *would* have the money in advance for a suit of clothes I badly needed.

Unable to do anything in St. Louis, I, with two friends—companions in misery—resolved that we would try our luck in Kansas City. Their names were John Smith, a vender of patent rights, compiler of directories, and projector of advertising dodges; and Albert Robinson, a Bohemian, who was for some time local reporter on one of the St. Louis dailies, but at the time I speak of, out of situation, money, friends and hopes. Robinson had a manuscript of five hundred and forty pages of foolscap, entitled "Millerism Exposed; or, the Perpetuity of the Earth." It was a

well-written, logical treatise, and would have made him a reputation to be proud of. But no publisher would undertake to print it for the poor fellow.

We three packed up our little valises and took a cheap passage on one of the boats for Kansas City. There we were more fortunate. Smith obtained a clerkship in a dry goods house, Robinson secured a position on one of the morning papers, I became salesman and book-keeper in a grocery house. We had about seventy-five dollars a month. It was not much; but it enabled us to have a little reunion once in a while, talk of the past and devise projects for the future over a quiet glass of beer, in a retired room just off from Main street.

After a long chat one evening on our hopes and fears, Smith said: "All nonsense, my dear fellows! we have neither of us the means of making a fortune. But an idea strikes me—could we not get the credit of being rich?"

"And to what purpose?" I suggested.

"It gives one a position in the world. A large inheritance augments the consideration in which we are held. Then everything becomes easy."

"I recollect," said I, "of an uncle of mine, who went out to California at the time of the gold fever, and he has never returned nor been heard from since."

"That's just it. We'll bring your uncle to life—or rather, we'll kill him. Ingots, gold-dust, shares in mines and crushing mills, shares in railroads, banks and government securities, will have a grand effect. No doubt there

are many returned gold-seekers of that time, fortunate and otherwise, from St. Louis to St. Joseph along the river towns, that remember your uncle or have met him in the gold-fields."

"Let us kill him!" continued the two scamps, "and leave the bulk of his fortune—three millions and a half of dollars—to Mac Arone."

We laughed heartily at the joke, and had another round of beer. I thought no more of the circumstance, and you may guess of my astonishment when I took up the paper, on which Robinson was 'local,' and read among the city items:

*"A Lucky Fellow.*—We learned yesterday, from a party of gentlemen just returned from Montana, of the death of Mac Arone, Sr., one of the most fortunate of miners, who was attracted to the gold regions several years ago. He was mortally wounded by a party of Indians, and after being carried to Helena, had just time to make his will, and leave the bulk of his savings—some \$3,500,000—to his nephew, Mac Arone, who now occupies the humble position of book-keeper at Brown and Co.'s grocery house on Main street. We wish Mac Arone, Jr., joy of his good fortune; and as he was always a hearty, jovial kind of a fellow, he has now three and a half million additional claims on our regard."

The evening papers and the other morning papers rehashed the item, and the two fellows retailed the story with all the seriousness imaginable.

The next day people came in groups to compliment me. My employers wanted me to go in partnership with them and extend the business. I disavowed the report, as a matter of course, but nobody would believe me. Many in Kansas City knew my uncle well—they had met him in different mining districts of Montana and California. Some had been fellow-travelers of his

from one place to another. All put him down as a lucky, shrewd, intelligent miner.

Among the number of these visitors was one not the most agreeable. With the whim of a young man, I had some time previously ordered a fashionable suit of clothes to go out in. It was nearly worn out, and I was yet owing about half the price of it. There had been for some time past a coolness between the tailor and myself. His importunities I wished to avoid. The rumor of my legacy made him hasten to find me. Such was the penalty I paid for the foolish pleasantry of my friends.

"Good day, Mr. Snip," said I, with some embarrassment, "I suppose you have come for those fifty dollars that I owe you?"

"By no means, my dear Mr. Mac Arone; I never thought of it. You do not imagine I would think of dunning you for such a paltry trifle? No, sir; I came to solicit you for the manufacture of your mourning suit."

"What mourning suit?"

"For your uncle. No doubt you will desire two suits for a change—silk hat, craped, white shirt, black studs, etc."

"Just now, Mr. Snip, such an order from me would be impossible."

"I hope you don't think, Mr. Mac Arone, of withdrawing your patronage. You know my materials are prime, my workmen first-class, and my prices as moderate as you can find them—even in St. Louis."

"I tell you again, I have not yet received——"

"I beg of you, my dear Mr. Mac Arone, not to speak of money—I am not pressed—it will come soon enough"—and Mr. Snip, who had already taken out his scissors, passed his measure round my waist. I was certainly in want of clothes, and therefore permitted him to make his measurements.

No sooner was he gone than another individual entered. He began:

"Mr. Mac Arone, you must do me a great service. Buy my house and lot. You are rich—very rich; you want some real estate in Kansas City. Forty thousand dollars are nothing to you, and at present I am in urgent want of money. I expected Mr. Hardcash to buy it, but he does not decide, and I have some pressing engagements to settle."

"I buy your house—what nonsense!"

"It is no nonsense. It is a safe investment. In two years it will be worth double the amount. I have your word," and he left without giving me time to reply.

So well did he circulate the report of my purchase, that very soon Mr. Hardcash, apparently in bad humor, honored me with a hurried visit. He at once remarked:

"Mr. Mac Arone, I can not do without that house. I thought it was already mine. I offered thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars for it, believing that the owner would soon and surely come to terms. But there is no hope of starving you into an agreement; so without further preliminaries, I want to offer you an advance of fifteen thousand dollars on your bargain."

Fifteen thousand dollars coming to me! I scarcely knew what to make of it. I, who had so much trouble to procure work; I, who had to toil so incessantly for seventy-five dollars a month!

Although but little acquainted with business, I saw in a twinkling the advantage to be derived from my position, and replied:

"It is impossible, sir, for me to give you an answer just now. Return by five o'clock. Meantime I will consider the matter."

At a quarter before the appointed hour Mr. Hardcash was before me.

"I had no wish for that house," said I, "and did not even think about it

when the owner came and begged me to buy it. As it suits you, and as any other will do as well for me, I accept your offer."

"You shall be paid in two weeks, in paper on St. Louis," said the purchaser, delighted with my promptitude in business.

Paper on St. Louis! I was so little accustomed to financial nomenclature and proceedings that I imagined I should send it thither for payment.

I accordingly wrote to a banking-house not far from the post-office, stating that I had *certain funds* to invest, and asked advice on the safest mode. It appears, the phrase "*certain funds*" has different acceptations "on 'Change," according to the name and the position of him who employs it.

The news of my inheritance must have reached St. Louis. No doubt it found its way into the "Missouri State Items" of the papers. Perhaps the mercantile agencies became posted. "*Certain funds*," situated as I was supposed to be, was a modest manner of specifying a considerable amount. At least I supposed so, on receiving an answer from the house to which I wrote.

They said my letter had just arrived in time to take one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of Iron Mountain Railroad stock just offered on 'Change. If I thought *that* too much, a large profit might be immediately realized, as it had rapidly gone up. A postscript in the writing of the president, who is an oily hypocritical financier, congratulated me on my accession to fortune!

A hundred and fifty thousand dollars! The letter fell from my hands. The amount frightened me. I telegraphed instantly to my correspondents that so large a sum was beyond my means; that I had no remittances as yet from Helena, Montana, and that I was not then able to satisfy their claims.

A reply came in a couple of days, saying that in accordance with my implied wish, they had disposed of the stock at a profit of seventy-five thousand dollars, which was placed to my credit. They begged of me not to be uneasy, as they were aware that in consequence of the troubles on the overland route (the Union Pacific Railroad was not yet in operation), remittances were slow from the West. The prospectus of a new German bank was inclosed, in which one hundred shares were secured for me.

Seventy-five thousand dollars! Did the clerk put in a few cyphers too many? My situation became embarrassing. I was overwhelmed with congratulations, particularly when I donned the suit of black—the black silk hat, with broad crape, black kids, black tie and studs, dainty boots, *et cetera*. The editor of one of the newspapers thought himself obliged to give a biographical sketch of my uncle, and asked me for additional particulars. I was besieged with annoying questions of every kind. In what way would I furnish my house? Samples of cloth, groceries, etc., etc., were submitted to me for inspection. I never knew of so many churches in course of erection that were short of funds! so many public institutions with depleted treasuries! so many orphans who wanted fathers, and widows who wanted husbands, at the impoverished asylums who would bless my bounty! Missionaries told me harrowing tales of the poor children in Timbuctoo dying of cold in the dog-days. Pews were tendered to me in twenty-seven churches in St. Louis and Kansas City. I would be a second Peabody. I would be the Rothschild of the West, the Astor of the Mississippi Valley, the Vanderbilt of Missouri!

Lucas and Shaw were nowhere, compared with what my piles of correspondence made me. But I was ruined in post-

age stamps and stationery. In the midst of all my riches, whether real or imaginary, I had no money! Fortunately, from the moment I was held to be rich no one would take a cent from me. Every body counted upon the honor of my patronage.

At last I decided on going to St. Louis. Immediately on my arrival I went to my bankers, who received me with all the warmth due to an inheritor of great wealth.

"I regret," said the president, "that you mistrusted that speculation; for railroad stock has again gone up. No matter, however, you have some left."

"Will you have the goodness," said I, "to tell me precisely how much all these funds are worth which you have bought for me?"

"The calculation is easy," and taking out a pencil, he ciphered on the back of a blank check for a few minutes, and then said: "Four hundred and twenty thousand dollars!"

I opened both my ears and eyes.

"You say four hundred and twenty thousand dollars—are you quite certain?"

"Perfectly."

Not wishing to appear too startled, I replied briefly:

"That is well. You spoke also of a bank?"

"Yes; the establishment of the bank has met with some difficulties; but the affair is not less good. We are on the eve of terminating it, and scrip is well up."

"Could that scrip be also sold?"

"Yes; and holding as you do, one hundred and fifty shares—one thousand dollar shares—which are tolerably up, you can realize thereby eighty thousand dollars."

"Although as yet I have paid nothing?"

"Undoubtedly."

"All right, since you say so. Now, I would like to make a good and safe

investment of the whole. Be so kind as to tell me what you think."

"You will need a home here. Reserve enough for that, and invest the balance in five-twenties, seven-thirties and ten-forties, and other safe enterprises that will arise, and the coupons and profits will insure you a nice income."

"By disposing of what I have, in the way specified," said I, "what will be the net annual income?"

"About twelve thousand dollars a year on all your investments, which might be judiciously used in increasing it."

"Twelve thousand dollars a year! I guess I can manage to live on that," continued I. "When can I receive it?"

"To-morrow, if you confide the transaction to our house."

"That, of course," was my rejoinder; "what other idea could inspire me with so great a degree of confidence?"

The president of the bank bowed, and asked me to have a glass of champagne.

Will it be believed? in the midst of all these treasures I felt a certain embarrassment in asking for a small amount, of which I stood in the greatest need. I had not a dollar in my pocket.

With some come confusion, I asked:

"Can I, without indiscretion, beg you to advance me, for the time being, a small sum, which I need in my progress through this city?"

"Certainly, my very dear sir. Our safe is at your disposal. How much do you want?—three, four, or ten thousand dollars?"

"I do not require so much just now—one thousand dollars will be sufficient."

After I got the United States bonds, and other securities, and the thousand dollars I wanted so pressingly, I arose to depart.

"May I beg you," said the president,

leading the way as I was going out, "may I beg you to continue your favors to our house?"

"Certainly, sir; you well deserve it," I replied, conscious of having the vouchers of a twelve thousand dollar income in my breast pocket, one thousand dollars in greenbacks in my pocket-book, and sufficient securities beside to secure a lot and build upon it a residence suitable to my tastes.

"I have another favor to ask of you," said the president; "come to tea this evening, my wife will be so happy to meet you."

"I regret that other engagements just now call my attentions for the day, and will deny me the pleasure."

"To-morrow—any time; my house you may consider yours; you will always be welcome."

"Thank you. Good evening."

As I parted from the banker I began to realize my wealth—my importance. Securities for a princely home and a princely income! I had no doubt that I was destined to resuscitate the noble house of Mac Arone from the dark ages of oblivion. I was now possessor of an income of twelve thousand dollars a year. When I landed in St. Louis, I had not where to take my trunk, and not much more than its 'bus hire in my possession. But now I ordered a hack from the courthouse square, and taking my trunk from the Pacific railroad depot, I put up in a nice room at the Southern Hotel.

For several days I was tormented with importunate visits. The entire staffs of the four newspapers called about fifty times to solicit my subscription. Begging letters lay in piles upon my table. Invitations to suppers, evening parties and soirées, rose around me in odoriferous pyramids. Hungry editors came to ask me if I didn't want to run on the independent ticket for Congress, or for mayor at the next election.

I could have *their* support. They could mold the American, German, and Irish elements in St. Louis, as the potter molds the plaster clay.

About a week after my arrival at the Southern Hotel the waiter brought me up the cards of my friends Smith and Robinson. I ordered them to be shown up. They were astonished at my situation.

"It's the devil to be permitted to see you," said both, nearly together.

"Yes; I am besieged by persons with all sorts of solicitations and projects; but you, my dear friends, you will be always welcome. You are just in time to come with me to see a site I have purchased, and where I am about to have erected a regular mediæval castle. It will cost about one hundred thousand dollars."

"I suppose it must be some considerable way from here," said Smith, with a significant nod.

"Not far from the Fair Grounds," said I. "Let me take you there in my carriage."

"Your carriage?"

"My carriage."

"You have a carriage?"

"Yes, and a spanking team I bought two days ago."

My two friends retired to the window, where they whispered to one another, looking all the time very lugubrious.

"Mac," said they, turning to me, "do you know that your uncle is not dead?"

"I don't know if he be dead," said I; "for I am not very certain that he ever lived."

"You know that this story about your inheritance is all a joke?"

"I am also persuaded that only you and I believe so," was my answer.

"We have done you wrong," rejoined the twain; "great wrong in what was intended only for fun. It cost us much sorrow."

The friends thought I was forced to leave Kansas City by the pressure of

creditors, who expected pay on the strength of the joke.

"On the contrary; I thank you cordially for it," said I.

"It is our duty to disavow it; we are going in public to declare ourselves guilty."

"I entreat you to leave things just as they are. A few days more of credit will prevent the necessity of displacing my funds."

Smith and Robinson regarded me as completely deranged.

"Come," I said, "let us lose no time; the carriage is ready. I will tell you all as I go along. Smith, I have secured you a good 'posish;' and, Robinson, I have made arrangements with a publisher for the getting out of your book."

Truth, however, always comes out. Some were on the watch for express packages from Montana for me. Well-advised people shook their heads when speaking of me. The rumor so quickly raised, tumbled down with equal rapidity.

"The best of it is," said some, "he has ended by falling into the snare he laid for others. For my part I never believed it."

I comprehended the situation by finding on my table some twenty notes. They were all nearly of this style:

"Mr. Snip presents his respectful compliments to Mr. Mac Arone, and, having an urgent need of money, begs that he will be so good as to pay, in the course of the day, the little account which he has the honor to inclose."

My answers were all alike:

"Mr. Mac Arone thanks Mr. Snip for the bill which has been so long looked for, and herewith sends the amount."

Only one letter contained no request for money. It was from a friend whom I had almost forgotten. Fearing that I had been duped, he wrote to lend me five hundred dollars should I wish to remove from a place where so many



rumors were circulated prejudicial to my character.

My reply gave the necessary explanation, which I concluded thus:

"I am rich; not by an inheritance, in which I never believed, but because it was determined, in spite of my protestations, that I should be rich. I have, in reality been made very rich—I scarcely know how. This is what I would wish you to say to those who would talk of me."

I owe more than fortune to my singular situation, since it has assured me that I have a friend on whom I may count in adversity, should it ever visit me. For another week I was a common topic for public conversation.

"He has been fortunate, if you will; but I say he is a clever fellow, who has known how to take advantage of circumstances. It is not every body who could maneuver in this way."

For my part, I was for a moment tempted to applaud my own genius; but a little reflection convinced me that talent had nothing to do with it. I quietly took my place in society as the possessor of twelve thousand dollars a year, and still keep it.

Moralizing on my sudden change of position, I can only look upon it as one of those strange freaks of fortune which all the world allows to be unaccountable.

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## DOWN EAST AND OUT WEST.

BY CHARLES GARDNER.

WE speak continually, all of us, of the East and West of our broad country, but if called upon to draw the line of positive demarkation, we should no doubt be sadly puzzled to say where the spirit of Eastern civilization ends and that of the West begins; and to point out exactly wherein the two types differ from each other would be equally difficult, and would certainly require a more subtle chemistry than we claim to be master of.

It matters little to our purpose whether the geographical line be drawn through New York or Chicago; whether they have the same school system in Michigan as in Massachusetts; or whether Indiana has the same nasal twang as Connecticut. The question with us is, whether there is a general difference marked enough to warrant us in speaking of an Eastern and Western type of civilization; and, if so,

what are some of the more prominent features of the latter. Having lived both East and West, we purpose to give impressions which are the result of experience and observation, and not to theorize. We are not satisfied to say, as they at the East are inclined to, that the West is made up of Eastern people, who have taken with them Eastern ideas, and that therefore its civilization must necessarily be of the same character. With as much truth might it be said that New England, peopled as it was by Old England in about the same degree, does and must of necessity bear the same general type in its civilization, or that the Greek of Syracuse was the same as the Greek of Athens. We claim that it develops different characteristics in a man to raise wooden nutmegs and "horse-tooth" corn, and that it makes a difference in the farmer's mental horizon, after a little, whether he

looks over a grain-field of a dozen acres or a hundred. A man may possess the same individuality, it is true, whether he live on cracked wheat and oatn grits or a more liberal diet; but it makes a vast difference in his "corporosity" and "vim." In short, we are of those who believe that any attempt at a correct solution of a social problem must not leave out of its calculation the climate or any of the material surroundings.

The most important difference, as it seems to us, between the Eastern and Western civilization, is *breadth*. And the expansive process, we may safely say, begins with the day when the outlook of a man's home is for the first time toward a prairie horizon. It is not sufficient, to effect this metamorphosis, that a man pass over or cast a casual glance at the wide reaches, as he rides by on a "lightning express." He must plant himself in the new soil, breathe in the new atmosphere, have "the Western fever," let the ague get hold of him once and shake some of the wrinkled prejudices out of his skin; in short, he must "pip his shell," become acclimated, and identify himself with his new interests and new neighbors. It will not be long ere the broader physical outlook will beget a correspondingly broader mental horizon; the possibilities and probabilities of a life-time, in any given direction, will soon begin to assume larger shapes and grander proportions. There comes to be less twang in his speech as well as his theology. He "calculates" less and "speculates" more. He "whittles" his pine stick over the rise and fall of the grain market, or a "corner lot," instead of a "horse-swap." He plants a new town instead of an onion-patch; talks of sections and half-sections as he never dared to of acres and half-acres; locates a city in the same length of time he would once have built a saw-mill; gets into politics,

and becomes a governor with less figuring than would have once been requisite to make him a "selectman;" and if he ever lived in Boston, comes to learn finally that the "hub" is the same distance from the sun as the rest of the world, and that all wisdom will not probably die with him. The Western man's "speculative philosophy," from its intimate relation to dollars and cents and the hardy struggles with pioneer life, takes a more practical turn, and affords no satisfaction except in palpable results and ocular demonstration. Vagaries of the brain have to "go on 'Change" before they pass current "Out West." Theories that don't pay in some way or other never attain to much popularity here. The imputation East is that nothing takes Out West that hasn't "pay" written on it. We accept the imputation. If it is business in question, we confess to a weakness in desiring to have it pay. If it is information, education, art, literature, morality, we profess to believe that their best recommendation will be that there is pay in them somewhere or somehow. It does not satisfy the Western man that a thing has paid once; it must pay now, or at least promise to pay for investment. He does not love conservatism for itself. Past experience is valuable to him only as a "*pou sto*" for present or future effort. He does not propose to wear his grandfather's clothes because they were fashionable once and fitted him well. Chain-armor, he grants, was a very serviceable thing in its day, but he has a good deal more confidence in the negative defense of an irresistible "minie." Castles and cloisters may have served a good purpose once; but they are not the things, he thinks, for the cause of might or right in this "flank movement" age of the world.

We have said the Western man is not a conservative. We might have said that he is a radical. But neither of the

terms are good. They have a hackneyed political meaning, which is equivalent to saying that they have no meaning at all that is worthy of consideration. What we would say is this: that as one moves Westward he finds things in a less crystallized state, and the tendency toward crystallization less. Freedom means more, assumes more of reality in its developments and less of name, has its voice in every issue, and moves more boldly toward its grand possibilities.

The tendency of all this is to a growth of strength and grandeur rather than to one of delicacy and beauty; to Gothic massiveness rather than to Corinthian elegance; to the working out of a material philosophy rather than of an ideal one.

The Western man does not believe in calling his child "bub" until he is old enough to name himself. He calls his city, as old Romulus did, a city from the time he drives the first furrow around it, and his seat of learning a university from the time the first foundation stone is laid. His hope is larger, and his faith takes hold of the future of this life with more confidence and precision. His courage is greater and more aggressive. He loses more of his inherited old-world stolidity, and becomes vivified with more of a new-world vigor and spontaneity. His philosophy advocates less the putting of new wine into old bottles. He does not propose to "coöper up" an old institution, as some have attempted and are even now attempting to do, to the extent of making every thing new except the bung-hole. In this sense, indeed, he may be said to be radical. If a Gordian knot presents itself to be untied, he unceremoniously cuts it. If a Sphinx propounds him a riddle, he slays the Sphinx first and solves the riddle afterwards. If there is an impossibility, so called, before him, he delights in making it possible. In

short, we should say that the representative Western man differs from the representative Eastern man, in the same way as the big trees and the big fruit of California differ from the stunted and gnarly specimens of New England. The cedar may be of the same species in each case, but it grows different under the different climatic influences; and the scion that produced the eighteen-ounce "Bartlett" may have been cut from the same stalk as its New England brother of four ounces—but we prefer the fruit of the new graft.

And just here we would make another point. The comparison made use of above suggests the idea. In speaking of the growth of a New England tree, we characterized it as *gnarly*. Now, there is no other term that conveys to our mind so strongly what we consider another difference between these two types of civilization. There is less *symmetry* of development noticeable in the one than the other. Like the Western fruit, we claim that the Western man presents a more *evenly* developed character. He offers a fairer and more attractive exterior, and is about as sweet on one side as another. Puritanical East winds have not withered and acidified one-half of his nature, to set on edge the unsuspecting moral childhood of the world. He is more as he looks, all the way through. He uses less of the Pecksniffian phraseology, and is more apt to say "damn" when he thinks it. As you walk through a Western forest you will find fewer fantastic and picturesque shapes of growth than at the East; but, on the other hand, you will be impressed with the far larger proportionate amount of *timber* that will do to take to the market. So, as Mrs. Stowe has very cleverly shown us in her "Old Town Folks," New England society is interesting to the student of human nature, by reason of its many singular eccen-

tricties of character and the knotty one-sidedness its individuals often present; but when you come to actual availability for the great mart of human usefulness and happiness, give us the straight-grained "second growth" of the West—something that has at least the "rail-splitting" recommendation in it. The rising generation of Christianity has a wide field before it to fence in, and is not going to waste so much brain and brawn hereafter in swinging the unavailing beetle of dispute to drive argumentative wedges into tough and knotty sticks, that are worth little or nothing after they are split. The day of theological "stump-fences" along the highway of life is about past; in fact, the day of fenced religion at all, we might say, when any set or sect of men shall lay claim to a here and hereafter right to "farm out" any of God's rich domain of truth to the exclusion of any poor gleaner after the golden grain. The "coöperative" influence is at work in the world—the forerunner of a *practical* Christian communism; when man's love for his neighbor shall be printed in the "long primer" type of every-day fact and act; when interests shall not conflict, because mutual; when reason shall take the place of sentiment, and charity of dogmatism; when we shall love the truth and seek it for its own sake and not for selfish purposes; when, as Christian soldiers, we shall battle, not to save the feudal castle of religious disfranchisement in which our lot happens to be cast, but shall stand forth boldly in the conscientious liberty wherein we have been called, and do valiant service in the common cause of one Saviour and one salvation. To effect this grand and beneficent result, a broader catholicity must be engendered than now exists; and two of the most important elements that enter into this catholicity are a *free* and *unobstructed* survey of the whole mental and moral horizon, and

the casting off of the bigoted swaddling-clothes which tend to hinder a full and symmetrical growth of moral character.

These two characteristics, *breadth* and *symmetrical development*, we have thus far dwelt upon, as already noticeable features of the Western type of civilization—in such a marked degree, too, when compared with the same features at the East, as to constitute a fair ground of difference between the one and the other; and in view of the more beneficent results which we have hinted at above as likely to follow a growth of this kind, justifying our expressed preference for the former.

We might enlarge upon another less important but no less marked characteristic of the representative Western man, one we have already lightly touched in passing, viz.: *Energy*. We say less important, because we consider it a natural consequence of the existence of the other two. As breadth and symmetry of growth imply an existing precedent of vigorous germ-life, so we may expect to find the active principle of energy as their natural consequence. The full-formed and symmetrical body is, as a rule, the energetic one. The same is true of mind and heart.

Now, we imagine the existence of this last named feature, as a degree of difference, to be more generally acknowledged than either of the other two, and for this reason will not dwell upon the fact, but proceed to point out what we understand to be the relation of cause and effect here. We have said that breadth implied freedom in any given direction. Take growth into the account with these two conditions fulfilled, and the result we showed to be symmetry, provided the preëxisting germ-life were vigorous. These premises granted, we claimed that marked energy (we now say the greatest possible energy) would characterize the growth. For whenever freedom is restricted and

outgrowth is infringed upon by conservative opposition, we have not only distortion but wasted energy. There has been more energy lost in negative opposition to error than would have converted the world under a positive outgrowth towards good on the part of the Christian Church. Conservatism, so far as it gets outside of or cramps new issues, is simply a course of wasted energy and one-sided growth. Natural science tells us that the heart of a tree is always dead wood, and that its greatest apparent use is to give strength and a basis for each new ring of outward growth. Let it but reach the bark once, and you have a dead tree. So conservatism, as long as it holds its true place at the center of society, and serves as a basis of experience for new issues to

continually grow upon, is consistent with the largest freedom, the greatest strength, and the fullest energy, of a people's growth. Thus, and thus only, can we philosophically account for this apparent and acknowledged difference of energy East and West.

A better understanding of the causes of our prosperity, and a fostering of the principles which naturally spring from a knowledge of them, will not only tend to perpetuate but to increase this prosperity in a wonderful degree. If the West is consciously or unconsciously acting upon any principle or principles which would be of benefit to the East, when made known and adopted so far as may be, let it be the duty of every thinking man to promulgate them.

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF WORDS.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

TO the thoughtful man, who has reflected on the common operations of life, which, but for their commonness, would be deemed full of marvel, few things are more wonderful than the origin, structure, history and significance of words. The tongue is the glory of man; for though animals have memory, will and intellect, yet language, which gives us a duplicate and multipliable existence—enabling mind to communicate with mind—is the Rubicon which they never have dared to cross. The dog barks as it barked at the creation, and the crow of the cock is the same to-day as when it startled the ear of repentant Peter. The song of the lark and the howl of the leopard have continued as unchangeable as the concentric circles of the spider and the waxen hexagon of the bee; and even the stoutest champion of the orang-outang theory of

man's origin will admit that no process of natural selection has yet distilled significant words out of the cries of beasts or the notes of birds. Speech is a divine gift. It is the last seal of dignity stamped by God upon His intelligent offspring, and proves, more conclusively than his upright form, or his looks "commerceing with the skies," that he was made in the image of God. As the discharged Irish stevedore said to one of the first donkey-engines—"Sfit, sfit, kerchug, chug, and be hanged to ye! Ye may do the work of fifty of us, and take the bread out of an honest man's mouth, but ye can't vote, onyhow!"—so we can say to Monboddoo's monkeys or Du Chaillu's gorillas: "However much you may look and act like us, you can't speak." Without this crowning gift to man, even reason would have been comparatively valueless; for he would have felt

himself to be imprisoned even when at large, solitary in the midst of a crowd; and the society of the wisest of his race would have been as uninformative as that of barbarians and savages. The rude tongue of a Patagonian or Australian is full of wonders to the philosopher; but as we ascend in the scale of being from the uncouth sounds which express the desires of a savage to the lofty periods of a Cicero or a Chatham, the power of words expands until it attains to regions far above the utmost range of our capacity. It designates, as Novalis has said, God with three letters, and the infinite with as many syllables, though the ideas conveyed by these words are immeasurably beyond the utmost grasp of man. In every relation of life, at every moment of our active being, in every thing we think or do, it is on the meaning and inflection of a *word* that the direction of our thoughts, and the expression of our will, turn. The soundness of our reasonings, the clearness of our belief and of our judgment, the influence we exert upon others, and the manner in which we are impressed by our fellow-men—all depend upon a knowledge of the value of words.

"Words," said the fierce Mirabeau, in reply to an opponent in the National Assembly, "are *things*;" and truly they were such when *he* thundered them forth from the Tribune, full of life, meaning and power. Words are always things, when coming from the lips of a master-spirit, and instinct with his own individuality. Especially is this true of so impassioned orators as Mirabeau, who have thoughts impatient for words, not words starving for thoughts, and who but give utterance to the spirit breathed by the whole third estate of a nation. Their words are not merely things, but *living* things, endowed with power not only to communicate ideas, but to convey, as by spiritual conductors, the shock and

thrill which attended their birth. Look at the "winged words" of old Homer, into which he breathed the breath of his own spiritual life—how long have they kept on the wing! For twenty-five or thirty centuries they have maintained their flight across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion; and they are still full of the life-blood of immortal youth.

"How forcible," says Job, "are right words!" "A word fitly spoken," says Solomon, "how good it is! like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Few persons have duly estimated the power of words. Language has been truly pronounced the armory of the human mind, which contains at once the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests. Look at a Calhoun or a Webster, when his mighty enginery of thought is in full operation; how his words tell upon his adversary, battering down the entrenchments of sophistry like shot from heavy ordnance! Cannon-shot are very harmless things when piled up for show; so are words, when tied up in the pages of a dictionary, with no mind to select and send them home to the mark. But let them receive the vitalizing touch of genius, and how they leap with life! with what tremendous energy are they endowed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering; but what was this paltry range to that of words, which bombard the ages yet to come? "Scholars," says Sir Thomas Browne, "are men of peace. They carry no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actus his razors; their pens carry further and make a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand the shock of a basileus than the fury of a merciless pen."

The words which a man of genius

selects are as much his own as his thoughts. They are not the dress, but the incarnation, of his thought, as the body contains the soul. Analyze a speech by either of the great orators we have just named, and a critical study will satisfy you that the crushing force of his arguments lies not less in the nicety and skill with which the words are chosen, than in the granite-like strength of thought. Attempt to substitute other words for those that are used, and you will find that the latter are part and parcel of the author's mind and conception; that every word is accommodated with marvelous exactness to all the sinuosities of the thought; that not the least of them can be changed without marring the completeness and beauty of the author's idea. If any other words can be used than those which a writer does use, he is a bungling rhetorician and skims only the surface of his theme. True as this is of the best prose, it is doubly true of the best poetry; it is a linked strain throughout. It has been said by one who was himself a consummate master of language, that if, in the recollection of any passage of Shakespeare, a word shall escape your memory, you may hunt through the forty thousand words in the language, and not one shall fit the vacant place but that which the poet put there. Though he uses only the simplest and homeliest terms, yet "you might as well think," says Coleridge, "of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of the finished passages of Shakespeare." Who needs to be told how much the wizard sorcery of Milton depends on the words he uses? It is not in what he directly tells us that his spell lies, but in the immense suggestiveness of his verse. His words, as Macaulay declares, are charmed. Their meaning bears no proportion to their effect. "No sooner are they pronounced, than the past is present and

the distant near. New forms of beauty start at once into existence, and all the burial places of the memory give up their dead." It is this necromantic power over language—this skill in striking "the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," till its vibrations thrill along the chords of the heart, and its echoes ring in all the secret chambers of the soul—which blinds us to the absurdities of "Paradise Lost." While following this mighty magician of language through

—"many a winding bount  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

we overlook the incongruity with which he makes angels fight with "villainous saltpetre" and divinities talk Calvinism, puts the subtleties of Greek syntax into the mouth of Eve, and exhibits the Omnipotent Father arguing like a school divine. As with Milton, so with his great predecessor, Dante. Wondrous as is his power of creating pictures in a few lines, he owes it mainly to the directness, simplicity, and intensity of his language. In him "the invisible becomes visible," as Leigh Hunt says; "darkness becomes palpable; silence describes a character; a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighborhood where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window."

Words, with such men, are "nimble and airy servitors," not masters; and from the exquisite skill with which they are chosen, and the firmness with which they are knit together, are sometimes "half battles, stronger than most men's deeds." What is the secret of the weird-like power of De Quincey? Is it not that, of all late English writers, he has the most imperial dominion over the resources of expression—that he has weighed, as in a hair-balance, the precise significance of every word he uses—that he has conquered so completely the stubbornness of our vernacular as to render it a willing slave to



all the whims and caprices, the ever-shifting kaleidoscopic variations of his thought? Turn to whatever page you will of his writings, and it is not the thorough grasp of his subject, the enormous erudition, the extraordinary breadth and piercing acuteness of intellect which he displays, that excite your greatest surprise; but you feel that here is a man who has gauged the potentiality of every word he uses, who has analyzed the simples of his every compound phrase. In the hands of a great sculptor, marble and bronze become as soft and elastic as living flesh; and not unlike this is the dominion which Shakespeare, Milton and Coleridge possess over language. In their verse our rugged but pithy and expressive English breathes all sounds, all melodies;—

"And now 'tis like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute,  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute."

Let no one, then, underrate the importance of the study of words. Daniel Webster was often seen absorbed in the study of an English dictionary. One of our most distinguished authors is in the habit of reading the dictionary through about once in a year. His choice of fresh and forceful terms has provoked at times the charge of pedantry; but, in fact, he has but fearlessly used the wealth of the language that lies buried in the pages of Noah Webster. No two things are more closely connected than poverty of words and poverty of ideas. Language is, on one side, as truly the limit and restraint of thought, as on the other that which feeds and sustains it. No man can learn from or communicate to another more than the words they are familiar with either express or can be made to express. Hence the knowledge of words is not an elegant accomplishment only, not a luxury, but a necessity, of the cultivated man. It is necessary not only to him who would express himself,

but to him who would *think*, with precision and effect. There is, indeed, no higher proof of thorough and accurate culture than the fact that a writer, instead of employing words loosely and at hap-hazard, chooses only those which are the exact vesture of his thought. As he only can be called a well-dressed man whose clothes just fit him, being neither small and shrunken, nor loose and baggy—so it is the first characteristic of a good style that the words fit close to the ideas. They will be neither too big here, hanging like a giant's robe on the limbs of a dwarf, nor too small there, like a boy's garments into which a man has painfully squeezed himself; but will be the exact correspondents and perfect exponents of his thought. Between the most synonymous words a careful writer will have a choice; for, strictly speaking, there are no synonyms in a language, the most closely resembling and apparently equivalent terms having some nice shade of distinction—a fine illustration of which is found in Ben Jonson's line, "Men may *securely* sin, but *safely* never;" and again, in the reply with which Sydney Smith used to meet the cant about popular education in England: "Pooh, pooh! it is the worst *educated* country in the world, I grant you; but it is the best *instructed*." William Pitt was a remarkable example of this precision of style. Fox said of him: "Though I am myself never at a loss for a word, Pitt has not only a word, but *the* word—the very word—to express his meaning." It is related of Robert Hall, that, when he was correcting the proofs of his sermon on "Modern Infidelity," on coming to the famous passage, "Eternal God, on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not penetrate?" he exclaimed to

his friend, Dr. Gregory: "*Penetrate!* did I say *penetrate*, sir, when I preached it?" "Yes." "Do you think, sir, I may venture to alter it? for no man who considers the force of the English language would use a word of three syllables there but from absolute necessity. For *penetrate* put *pierce*: *pierce* is the word, sir, and the only word, to be used there."

John Foster was a yet more striking example of this conscientiousness and severity in discriminating words. Never, perhaps, was there a writer the electric action of whose mind, telegraphing with all nature's works, was so in contrast with its action in writing. Here it was almost painfully slow, like the expression of some costly oil, drop by drop. He would spend whole days on a few short sentences, passing each word under his concentrated scrutiny, so that each, challenged and examined, took its place in the structure like an inspected soldier in the ranks. When Chalmers, after a visit to London, was asked what Foster was about, he replied, "Hard at it, at the rate of a line a week." Read a page of the essay on "Decision of Character," and you will feel that this was scarcely an exaggeration—that he stood by the ringing anvil till every word was forged into a bolt. Few persons know how hard easy writing is. Who that reads the light, sparkling verse of Tom Moore, dreams of the mental pangs, the long and anxious thought, which a single word often cost him! Irving tells us that he was once riding with the Irish poet in the streets of Paris, when the hackney-coach went suddenly into a deep rut, out of which it came with such a jolt as to send their pates bump against the roof. "By Jove, I've got it!" cried Moore, clapping his hands with great glee. "Got what?" said Irving. "Why," said the poet, "that word I've been hunting for for six weeks, to complete my last song. That rascally driver has jolted it out of me."

It is this cunning choice, along with the skillful arrangement of words, that, even more than the thought, eternizes the name of an author. Style is, and ever has been, the most vital element of literary immortalities. More than any other quality, it is a writer's own property; and no one, not time itself, can rob him of it, or even diminish its value. Facts may be forgotten—learning grow commonplace—startling truths dwindle into mere truisms; but a grand or beautiful style can never lose its freshness or charm. For his gorgeous style, even more than for his colossal erudition, is Gibbon admired; and it is the same quality which renders Hume, in spite of his imperfect learning, in spite of his willful perversions of truth, in spite of his infidelity and his toryism, the popular historian of England.

From all this it will be seen how absurd it is to suppose that one can adequately enjoy the masterpieces of literature by means of translations. Among the arguments against the study of the dead languages, none is more pertinaciously urged by the educational red-republicans of the day than this—that the study is useless, because all the great works, the masterpieces of antiquity, have been translated. The man, we are told, who can not enjoy Carlyle's version of Wilhelm Meister, Melmoth's Cicero, Martin's Horace, or Carter's Epictetus, must be either a prodigious scholar or a prodigious dunce. All this seems plausible enough, but the Greek and Latin scholar knows it to be fallacious and false. He knows that the finest passages in an author—the exquisite thoughts, the curious verbal felicities—are precisely those which defy reproduction in another tongue. The most masterly translations of them are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a tree in full bloom. Compare any two languages, and you will find that there are, as the mathematician would say, many incommen-

surable quantities, many words in each untranslatable into the other, and that it is often impossible, by a paraphrase, to supply an equivalent. Above all, does poetry defy translation. It is too subtle an essence to be poured from one vessel into another without loss. Of Cicero's elegant and copious rhetoric, of the sententious wisdom of Tacitus, of the keen philosophic penetration and masterly narrative talent of Thucydides, of the thunderous eloquence of Demosthenes, and even of Martial's jokes, it may be possible to give some inkling through an English medium; but of the beauties and splendors of the Greek and Latin poets—never. As soon will another Homer appear on earth, as a translator echo the marvelous music of his lyre. *Imitations* of the *Iliad*, more or less accurate, may be given, or *another* poem may be substituted in its place; but a perfect transfusion into English is impossible. For, as Goethe somewhere says, Art depends on Form, and you can not preserve the form in *altering* the form. Language is a strangely suggestive medium, and it is through the reflex and vague operation of words upon the mind that the translator finds himself baffled. Words, especially in poetry, have a potency of association—a kind of necromantic power—aside from their significance as representative signs. There is a mingling of sound and sense, a delicacy of shades of meaning, and a power of awakening associations, to which the instinct of the poet is the key, and which can not be passed into a foreign language if the *meaning* be also preserved. You may as easily make lace ruffles out of hemp. Language, it can not be too often repeated, is not the dress of thought; it is its living expression, and controls both the physiognomy and the organization of the idea it utters.

How many abortive attempts have been made to translate Horace into

English and into French! It is easy to give the right meaning, or something like the meaning, of his lyrics; but they are cast in a mold of such exquisite delicacy that their ease and elegance defy imitation. All experience shows that the *traduttore* must necessarily be *tradittore*—the translator a traducer of the Sabine bard. As well might you put a violet into a crucible, and expect to reproduce its beauty and perfume, as expect to reproduce in another tongue the mysterious synthesis of sound and sense, of meaning and suggested association, which constitutes the vital beauty of a lyric. The special imagination of the poet, it has been well said, is an imagination inseparably bound up with language; possessed by the infinite beauty, and the deepest, subtlest meanings of words; skilled in their finest sympathies; powerful to make them yield a meaning which another never could have extracted from them. It is of the very essence of the poet's art, so that, in the highest exercise of that art, there is no such thing as the rendering of an idea in appropriate language; but the conception, and the words in which it is conveyed are a simultaneous creation, and the idea springs forth full grown in its panoply of radiant utterance.

We have spoken of the power of words. Great, however, as is their power, and though, when nicely chosen, they have an intrinsic force, it is, after all, the *man* who makes them potent. As it was not the famous needle-gun, destructive as it is, which won the late Prussian victories, but the intelligence and discipline of the Prussian soldier, the man *behind* the gun, educated in the best common schools in the world—so it is the latent heat of character, the man behind the words, that gives them momentum and projectile force. The same words, coming from one person, are as the idle wind that kisses the cheeks; coming from another, they are

the cannon shot that pierces the target in the bull's eye. The thing said is the same in each case; the enormous difference lies in the man who says it. The man fills out, crowds his words with meaning, and sends them out to do a giant's work; or he makes them void and nugatory, impotent to reach their destination, or to do any execution should they hit the mark. The weight and value of opinions and sentiments depend oftentimes less upon their intrinsic worth than upon the degree in which they have been organized into the nature of the person who utters them; their force, less upon their inherent power than upon the latent heat stored away in their formation, which is liberated in their publication. There is in character a force which is felt as deeply, and which is as irresistible, as the mightiest physical force, and which makes the plainest expressions of some men like consuming fire. Their words, instead of being the barren signs of abstract ideas, are the media through which the life of one mind is radiated into other minds. They inspire, as well as inform; electrify, as well as enlighten. Even truisms from their lips have the effect of original perceptions; and old saws and proverbs, worn to shreds by constant repetition, startle the ear like brilliant fancies. Some of the greatest effects recorded in the history of eloquence have been produced by words which, when read, strike us as tame and commonplace. Whitefield could thrill an audience by saying, "Mesopotamia!" Even his interjections—his *Ah!* of pity and his *Oh!* of encouragement for the sinner—were words of tremendous power, and formed a most potent engine in his pulpit artillery. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say *Oh!* as Whitefield did.

Willis says that every word of Webster weighs a pound. College sophomores, newly-fledged lawyers, and representa-

tives from Bunkumville, often display more fluency than the New Hampshire giant; but his words are to theirs as the roll of thunder to the patter of rain. What makes his argument so ponderous and destructive to his opponents, is not its own weight alone, but in a great degree, as another has remarked, the added weight of his temper and constitution, the trip-hammer *momentum* with which he makes it fall upon the theory he means to crush. When the great champion of New England said, in the United States Senate, "There are Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever," it was the weight of character, and of all the associations connected with it, which changed that which, uttered by another, would have been the merest truism, into a lofty and memorable sentiment. It was this which gave such prodigious power to the words of Chatham, and made them smite his adversaries like an electric battery. It was the haughty assumption of superiority, the scowl of his imperial brow, the ominous growl of his voice, "like thunder heard remote," the impending lightnings which seemed ready to dart from his eyes—and, above all, the evidence which these furnished of an imperious and overwhelming will—that abashed the proudest peers in the House of Lords, and made his words perform the office of stabs and blows. The same words, issuing from other lips, would have been as harmless as pop-guns.

In reading the quotations from Chalmers, which are reported to have so overwhelmingly oppressed those who heard them, almost every one is disappointed. It is the creative individuality projected into the words that makes the entire difference between Kean or Kemble and the poorest stroller that murders Shakespeare. It is said that Macready never produced a more thrilling effect than by the simple words,

"*Who said that?*" When Sir Edward Coke, a man essentially commonplace in his intellect and prejudices, though of vast acquirement and giant force of character, calls Sir Walter Raleigh "a spider of hell," the metaphor may not seem remarkable; but it has a terrible significance when we see the whole roused might of Sir Edward Coke glaring through it. What can be more effective than the speech of Thersites in the first book of the *Iliad*? Yet the only effect was to bring down upon the speaker's shoulders the staff of Ulysses. Pope well observes that, had Ulysses made the same speech, the troops would have sailed for Greece that very night. The world considers not merely what is said, but *who* speaks, and *whence* he says it.

"Let but a lord once own the happy lines,  
How the wit brightens, how the style refines!" says the same poet of a servile race; and Euripides expresses the same belief in the efficacy of position and character, when he makes Hecuba entreat Ulysses to intercede for her; "for the arguments," says she, "which are uttered by men of repute, are very different in strength from those uttered by men unknown." As in engineering, it

is a rule that a cannon should be at least one hundred times heavier than its shot, so a man's character should be a hundred times heavier than what he says. When a La Place or a Humboldt talks of the "universe," the word has quite another meaning than when it is used by plain John Smith, whose ideas have never extended beyond the town of Calumet. So, when a man's friend gives him religious advice, and talks of "the solemn responsibilities of life," it makes a vast difference in the weight of the words whether they come from one who has been tried and proved in the world's fiery furnace, and whose whole life has been a trip-hammer to drive home what he says, or from a callow youth who prates of that which he feels not, and testifies to things which are not realities to his own consciousness. "Words," says the learned Selden, "must be fitted to a man's mouth." 'Twas well said by the fellow that was to make a speech for my Lord Mayor, that he "desired first to take measure of his lordship's mouth."

In this paper we have treated of but one branch of our subject. Other and more interesting topics will be considered hereafter.

## THE FASHIONS OF POMPEII.

BY E. P. EVANS.

THE Roman house (as we explained in a previous paper) was divided into two parts, one intended for public resort and the other for the private uses of the family. This arrangement originated not only in the difference between the domestic habits of ancient and modern times, but especially in the peculiar constitution of Roman society, which permitted every plebeian to choose for his patron a patrician, to

whom he bore the relation of client, and to whose house he resorted freely and frequently for counsel or assistance, and to whom he came every morning to pay a ceremonious visit of respect. At day-break the vestibule and ante-chamber were usually besieged by crowds of these dependents, who were ready and eager to perform any service which the patron might require of them, as well as to receive any gifts

of money or cold victuals that might be doled out to them. It was a point of honor and mark of respectability for every Roman of wealth and eminence to entertain as large a clientele as possible. They surrounded him like a body-guard when he went out; they were his faithful vassals in emergencies, and cast their votes for him at popular elections; they attended him as he paraded the streets to the Forum—the center of trade, politics and pleasure in every Roman town, where the merchants assembled for business, and the money-changers sat behind their tables as they do to-day in the streets of Naples; where the lawyers and municipal magistrates met to deliberate on political and judicial affairs, and where, too, the Roman fop philandered about with his toga elegantly adjusted in the latest style of the metropolis, exhaling, as he passed by, a strong odor of nard and balsam with which the barber had built up and cemented together the stately and ingenious edifice of his locks. Of course the patrician was obliged to have some convenient place to receive this rout of retainers; hence the construction of the house with its large and well-lighted front court (*atrium*), which, by closing the *tablinum*, was almost wholly separated from the inner court, or peristyle, in which the family lived. The old Romans were born politicians; statecraft was their native element, and they took to it very young. An inscription on one of the monuments in the Pompeian street of the tombs informs us that it was erected to the memory of a young man of seventeen years, who had already attained the dignity of decurion. This rank was equivalent to that of senator; and Cicero says that it was more difficult to become decurion at Pompeii than senator at Rome. It is probable, however, that this youth was an unusually precocious politician. But while the men devoted themselves thus

early in life to politics, the women were equally eager in their pursuit of pleasure and fashion.

The charming situation of Pompeii made it one of the favorite resorts of the rank and beauty of the metropolis. The Emperor Claudius had a summer residence there. It was during a sojourn of the imperial family in this country-seat that his young son Drusus was amusing himself one day by throwing pears into the air and catching them in his mouth; one of them, in its descent, went too far and choked the illustrious *gamin*. The street boys in Naples do the same trick now; but they use figs, which are safer. Everywhere were seen the magnificent villas of wealthy Romans, rendering still more attractive the beautiful landscape. The towers of these rural palaces lined the coast for many miles, and the neighboring hills were crowned by less pretentious but more substantial castles, erected by such solid men of Rome as Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar; so that the whole country presented the appearance of one vast and continuous city. On one of the islands (*Nisida*) Brutus spent much of his time; and Herod Agrippa, a nephew of the last king of Judea, made Pompeii his permanent home, and is said to have perished there at the time the city was destroyed. Indeed, throughout this entire region the aristocratic families of Rome owned immense estates, which they were in the habit of visiting from time to time. It must not be supposed, however, that the Romans under the empire were, as a general thing, fond of rural life. On the contrary, they detested it. It was the tyranny of mode and the love of debauch that attracted the great majority, far more than a passion for beautiful scenery. This aversion was particularly strong in the fashionable women of the capital. Anywhere away from the metropolis they regarded as a place of exile.

This feeling is well illustrated by the domestic experience of the poet Statius, a contemporary of Domitian. Not being a man of great fortune, the style of living which he was obliged to maintain at court seriously embarrassed his finances. Besides, he had a marriageable daughter, beautiful and accomplished, and who played the harp and sang her father's verses most enchantingly. But having no dowry except her beauty and her genius, she had no suitors, only admirers, and seemed destined to a future of unbroken "maiden meditation." For at that time the atmosphere of the Roman court was as mercenary as that of Wall street or Fifth avenue. Money was the highest test of social position, and the first object sought in matrimonial alliances. Maidens in whose veins flowed the noble blood of the Catos and Scipios, sold themselves to vulgar sensualists for diamonds and purple silks and gorgeous equipages. Statius resolved, therefore, to retire to the country, in the neighborhood of Naples, his native city, where he hoped to find cheaper living and possibly less mercenary sons-in-law. But what a scene there was when this plan was proposed to his wife Claudia! She wept all day and sighed all night, at the very thought of quitting Rome. In vain Statius pictured in his most glowing verses the wonders of Capreal, Puteoli and Baiæ, where, as he said, "the waves die in music on the shore, and all the influence of earth and sky combine to make life enchanting." She neither could nor would be persuaded. She declared that she preferred the muddy Tiber, or even the sewers of the *Suburra*, to all the boasted glories of the Bay of Naples.

And in this respect Claudia was not an exceptional but a representative person; she merely expressed the sentiments of every fashionable woman in Rome when she averred it to be impossible for her to live away from the

seven-hilled city. She would have felt like Madame De Staël, when exiled by Napoleon. Although surrounded at Coppett by a circle of congenial friends, and dwelling in the perpetual presence of the finest scenery of Switzerland, the French woman of the eighteenth century, in spirit akin to that of the Roman woman of the first century, never ceased to pine for Paris and the gutters of *la Rue du Bac*. Nevertheless, if Claudia had gone to Naples or Pompeii she would have found in the provincial town a striking miniature of the metropolis; she would have found society there ambitiously aping the splendors and the fashions of the Palatine, as society now apes the freaks and follies of the Tuilleries. Perhaps never in the world were men and women more wholly given up to excesses of the table and the toilet, than at Rome during the second half century of the Christian Era; and in these vices many of the Italian municipalities were rivals of the capital.

In speaking of Pompeian fashions we shall confine our remarks chiefly to female apparel; not that we regard the passion for dress as peculiar to woman, for although the man of the nineteenth century cultivates a certain sobriety and monotony in his raiment, we need not go very far back in the history of costume to find him powdering and rougeing and patching, tightening his waist, boring his ears, reveling in silk, fluttering in lace and brocade, and indulging in all that love of finery and frippery commonly though falsely supposed to be the exclusive propensity of the fairer sex. Still, man has always been very awkward and evidently at great disadvantage in his attempts to vie with woman in the niceties of dress; perhaps because he has in his person a less fit and worthy object upon which to bestow it,—whereas a beautiful woman seems constitutionally adapted and foreordained to an elegant ward-



robe. It is to her, therefore, that we must look for the perfection of dress considered as a fine art.

The first thing that strikes us in studying the costumes of Pompeian women, is the resemblance which they bear to those of modern times in the various modes of dressing the hair. Long hair, says Saint Paul, is a shame to a man, but the glory of a woman; and he might have added, the strength of woman, for it is certainly the most formidable of all

"the warlike things  
That make up beauty's magazines."

Nature has furnished her an exhaustless armory in her locks, with which Cupid feathers his most penetrating darts. She thus starts in the toilet art with an immense ascendancy over her closely-cropped brother, by having "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul" surrounded by this wavy mass, ready to be wrought into artistic forms by her skillful hand, to be piled into towers, or rolled on "rats," or allowed to float in ringlets, or flow in waterfalls; in short, to be combed, puffed, curled, plaited, twisted, frizzled, crimped, braided, and knotted, into the greatest variety of sensations and fascinations. The Pompeian ladies were adepts in this art, and knew how to make the most of their tresses. Nor were they always content with the natural color; but endeavored to improve it by the use of dyes. On the wall of a public building, near the Forum, some idler of two thousand years ago has scrawled a stanza, praising a girl for her beautiful hair. Underneath is another verse, written by another hand, which says: "Lauded, indeed, by many, but there is a yellow dye in it." And in another place we read these words: "Blanche has taught me to hate the brunettes." Evidently, then, at Pompeii, as at Rome, blonde hair and blonde women were the favorites. The ideal of beauty was not the majestic Juno, with raven

locks, but the graceful Venus, with golden hair. To realize this ideal, all sorts of artifices were resorted to. They wore wigs and chignons made of the long yellow hair of the Germans, or gave to their natural hair a yellowish tinge by means of a caustic Gallic soap, called *spuma Batava*. They had also a famous oriental pomade, with which they saturated their hair, and then sat for hours in the sun until it had dried in, and by some wonderful alchemy transmuted their ebony tresses into gold. So long and laborious was this process that ladies frequently retired into the country for a week or two, in order to give themselves up to it wholly. Ovid, in the third book of *Ars Amatoria*, says that even old women stain their gray heads yellow with German herbs, and those whom time has made bald walk along thickly covered with purchased hair. The modes of dressing it were various. Each successive day brings with it a new fashion, says the same poet; and some, he adds, cultivate an extreme and elaborate *négligé* in their locks; often you would suppose they had been neglected since yesterday, when in reality they have just been combed afresh. Sometimes the head-dress was raised to a great height by rows of false curls. Young girls wore their hair in nets of gold-thread, interwoven with pearls and precious stones, or they encircled it with a jeweled band across the forehead, and let it fall loosely over their necks and shoulders. Exquisites of both sexes were also fond of frizzing it around the temples and across the forehead. Another favorite mode of wearing the hair was to plait it and fasten it in a coil behind, with a long gold pin or dagger. This fashion still prevails in Italy and in some parts of Germany. The hair-pins discovered at Pompeii are exceedingly elegant. One, which was found at Herculaneum, was surmounted by a Venus in the act of twisting her hair; another is orna-

mented with a Cupid holding a mirror. The beauty and fitness of such designs are at once apparent; for what could be more appropriate than the god and goddess of love assisting at the toilet of their fair votaries! These pins are made of ivory, bronze or gold, and are frequently set with jewels. Sometimes the hair was combed up into an enormous knob on the top of the head; but as this coiffure has been recently rendered painfully familiar to the eyes of us all, we need not describe it further. Roman men usually went bareheaded, and it was thought to be a mark of effeminacy to wear a hat; as a protection against bad weather, they covered themselves with the upper folds of the toga. But the Roman women indulged in very costly head-dresses, among which we find one that proves that there is nothing new under the sun, not even in the present style of bonnets. The world certainly moves in a circle, so far as fashions are concerned; and in the little hats no bigger than a man's hand that have adorned the heads of ladies during the past few years, we have simply returned to a Roman fashion-plate of eighteen centuries ago. The same style of hair-dressing which we call chignon, the Romans called *tutulus*. It was considered a great art to construct this properly, and female slaves served a fixed time as apprentices in order to become expert in it.

The other personal ornaments of a Pompeiian lady were very rich and manifold. Lying in a casket, on the mosaic pavement of one of the houses, was found a massive bracelet in the form of a serpent. It weighed nearly two pounds. Its head is of molten gold and its body of malleated or beaten gold, so as to be tough and elastic; the eyes are rubies; the tongue is a narrow strip of tremulous gold leaf; the teeth and the scales of the neck and tail are beautifully chased. Every part is wrought with the greatest care and

skill. It is surprising how fond the Pompeiian ladies were of imitating serpents in their rings and bracelets and necklaces. The serpent was a sacred animal, and ornaments of the serpentine form acted, therefore, as charms and amulets, thus gratifying at once the twin weaknesses of vanity and superstition. They even petted live snakes, and in summer wore them around their arms and necks for the sake of the coolness of the touch. Imagine a party of ladies at which the hostess provides pet snakes for the comfort of her guests, as we would furnish fans! When the Pompeiian authorities wished to preserve any spot or building from defilement or nuisance of any kind, they painted a serpent there, or more commonly two serpents. To commit any nuisance in such a place would be equivalent to the commission of sacrilege. The Neapolitans of to-day make their religion do the work of the police in like manner, when they protect their walls by painting on them, not serpents, but crosses. Pearl necklaces were quite common; and on the neck of a young girl was found a finely woven chain of gold resembling modern Venetian work, from which hung medallions and star-shaped beads. But the most curious of all the necklaces, is one discovered in a house excavated a few years ago. It is made up entirely of charms and amulets, which seem to refer chiefly to the worship of the Egyptian goddess, Isis. These talismans consist of Egyptian vases, dogs, bees, hands, bells, ankle-bones, dice, clusters of grapes, pine cones, and other fantastic things, all very elegantly wrought in onyx and strung together on a gold wire. These charms were supposed to be potent in warding off malign influences, and especially the fatal fascinations of the evil eye and of witchcraft, and were worn by children as a safeguard against such enchantments. The most common and favorite form of ear-ring, judging

from the number of them that have been found, is a slender gold hook supporting a horizontal bar, to which two pendant pearls are attached. Some of them were very costly, and Seneca says that many ladies hung a vast inheritance in each ear.

The cosmetics, too, of a Pompeiian lady were by no means the least important part of her toilet paraphernalia. Several little round glass boxes have been found with red and white paint in them; and there are some beautiful ones of ivory, with the neatly-carved figure of a Cupid on the side. The Greeks excelled in the preparation of cosmetics, and a Roman lady of fashion would have disdained to use any other; just as a modern belle has a partiality for French labels, and will purchase no cologne that does not bear the signature of Farina. We need not enter into a minute description of the rejuvenating artifices of the fair Pompeiians. The peep which the excavations permit us to take into their boudoirs, shows that the legerdemain of the toilet is essentially the same among all civilized nations, whether Christian or pagan; and, indeed, when wrinkles begin to furrow the cheeks, and crow's-feet beleague the eyes, nothing is more natural than that a lady, whether of the first or the nineteenth century, should wish to banish the intruders, and, by a little rouge and powder, seek to restore the rose and the lily, and cheat herself into the illusion that

"Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Several pictures have been found which show the manner of applying the paint to the face. It was sometimes done with brushes, and at other times rubbed on with the fingers. It was customary also to pencil the eyebrows—or, what is not so poetical, though perhaps quite as practical, to brighten their color by pricking them with a needle and then filling the punctures with soot.

Changes of fashion in ancient times did not extend to the general style of dress as much as they do now, but affected principally certain accessories of stuff, quality, and color. This is evident not only from a passage in one of the comedies of Plautus, where a list of articles of apparel is given, but also from monuments of art and from portraits in which the same costume is preserved from age to age; although it may not be always safe to draw from artistic drapery any very definite conclusions as to the attire worn in common life. The full costume of a Roman matron, wrapped from head to foot in the falling folds of her loose and flowing robes, was doubtless much better suited to exhibit the dignity of repose than the grace of motion; and floating, as it did, freely around the person, must have been somewhat difficult to manage in windy weather. But whatever may have been the discomforts or inconveniences of these habiliments, one thing can be said in their favor—corsets formed no part of them. The Pompeiian lady never hedged herself in with stays, nor intrenched herself in a palisade of whalebones, nor ruined her health and comeliness compressing her form into an unnatural appearance of slimness.

"The steely-prisoned shape,

So oft made taper by constraint of tape,"

would have been an abomination in her eyes, and an unpardonable insult to all the graces. Her dress consisted usually of a tunic of fine texture, without sleeves, and reaching just below the knees. Over this she wore a woollen jacket with long sleeves, and a voluminous robe called *stola*, the ample drapery of which flowed to the feet and was often trailed. The lower part of the *stola* was sometimes adorned with a broad flounce embroidered with gold-thread. On the street, a white, red or green cloak of fine material, called *palla*, was worn. It was thrown over the left

shoulder like a scarf and fastened with brooches, of which a great variety have been found at Pompeii; or it was made with a hood which could be drawn over the head. The coverings for the feet were much the same for both sexes. The sandal consisted of a simple sole fastened to the foot by thongs passing around the ankle, over the instep, and between the toes; sometimes it had an upper leather which covered all but the toes. Fashionable ladies wore, also, shoes and bootees of white kid; but the common colors were green and yellow, with red strings to lace them up in front. Pompeian women were as proud of their large symmetrically shaped feet, as Chinese are of their little bandaged clumpy ones. They never pinched them out of proportion, but left them plenty of room to grow in, having a well-grounded confidence that nature would do the handsomest thing for them. They bestowed great care on trimming and tinting their nails. Gloves, as articles of apparel, were unknown. The Latin language has no name for them, the word *digitale* or *digitabulum* meaning only a sort of protection for the fingers in gathering olives. The same is true of shirts in the strict sense of the term. They are a modern invention. The Anglo-Saxon was the first man that ever wore one. The form and color of the shoes indicated the rank or office of the wearer. Thus, when Asinius assumed the senatorial dignity, Cicero says of him, *mutavit calceos*—he changed his shoes. Hence arose a proverbial expression about a man's nobility being in his heels, especially when he had not much to boast of in his head; hence, too, our own phrase

about stepping into a man's shoes as equivalent to succeeding him in his office. Even down to the period of the French Revolution, red heels, *talous rouges*, were the badge of a courtier. The word *sandal* has certain poetic associations that do not belong to shoe, and appeals strongly to the imagination; but in reality it could not have been either neat or comfortable—although sculptors affirm that it is the only fit thing to wear, and that our modern shoes have spoiled the beauty and symmetry of the foot. As the garments, both of men and women, were chiefly woolen, it was very difficult, yet very essential, in a warm country, to keep them clean. This cleansing was not done in the house; but when the dress became dirty or faded it was sent to the fuller or dyer as the case might be. This trade was, therefore, one of great importance among the ancients, as is evident from the laws enacted by the Censors prescribing the methods in which clothes were to be washed and colored, and making the fuller liable for their loss or injury while in his possession. The excavations at Pompeii have disclosed a large establishment of this kind, with its apparatus of vats, etc., and an interesting series of wall-paintings illustrating the various processes by which garments were cleansed and dyed. Here, too, were found quantities of detergent earths, nitre and other alkalies, which the ancients used instead of soap. In one room is a large vat of solid masonry stuccoed on the inside, and near by a stone table, on which the wet clothes were beaten with wooden mallets—a mode of washing still common in Southern Italy.

## CURRENT NOTES.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—In the conduct of this magazine, our readers—and they now amount to twenty thousand—will attest that we have been eminently conservative. We have avoided treading on the bunions of Mr. A. or Mr. B.,—gouty individuals, but of high respectability. We have handled venerable abuses with delicate or gloved fingers, and fashionable follies we have glozed over. We don't intend to turn reformers—simply because it won't pay. Fourierism, Brook-Farm Associations, Vegetarianism, and such-like, are vineyards which the venerable editor of the New York "Tribune" has *successively* cultivated, but not *successfully*. Ruth, in her gleanings, reaped a richer harvest. We don't believe much in dedicating one's self to unpitied martyrdom. We don't believe that, like Father Jougues, we should, in *articulo mortis*, have exulted in shouts of glory, tied to a stake, and surrounded with burning fagots and a yelling troop of Mohawks. While, from childhood, we have entertained an unbounded admiration for the memory of John Rogers, and have wept over the fatherless condition of his nine small children and "one at the breast," and even have endeavored to throw light upon the obscure problem which has profoundly perplexed all modern humanitarians, whether the number was to be expressed in digit or dual,—while, we repeat, we have always entertained a high admiration for this great and world-renowned martyr, we have never been disposed to court his fate. No! To us, this earth is too lovely, the charms of life too attractive, to consent to abridge one iota of our allotted span. We would not advance

the hands on the dial a single minute, but rather turn them back. Visions of terrapin, turtle soup, and Shrewsbury oysters, to say nothing of Spanish mackerel, rise up before us, and reconcile us to a continued lease of life.

A Californian traveler saw a grizzly bear, and reported the fact to his companions. "What did you do?" exclaimed they. "Do?" replied he, "I didn't do nothing. It wasn't my grizzly; I had no interest in him."—So say we of martyrdom.

We throw out these hints by way of admonition to all reformers—to Mr. A., who would constantly employ female sewing societies to make up red-flannel shirts for the Hottentots dwelling under a tropical sun; to Mr. B., who would send fans to the Esquimaux; to Mr. C., who would arouse the indignation of the civilized world against the Feejee islander, because he regards a slice of cold missionary as a rare tit-bit; to Mrs. D., who would at once divest man of his pantaloons; and to Mrs. F., who would assert the right of woman to ride astraddle—to all these reformers we say, our pages can not be made the vehicle of information to the public.

While, therefore, we are not the advocate of specific reforms, we are free to confess that, in the condition of modern society, there are crying evils. We say it with all truth and soberness—the greatest amelioration to be achieved is the elevation of woman to a sphere of usefulness, and one in which she can exercise a direct influence in the administration of the world's affairs.

Mankind have practiced on the Chinese maxim: "For men to cultivate virtue is knowledge; for women to re-

nounce knowledge is virtue." In the whole history of society, the law of abject submission on the part of the wife to the husband, has been recognized and acted upon. Our common mother, Eve, in eating that apple plucked from the forbidden tree, got us into rather an ugly scrape; but her descendants—in the line female—have nobly redeemed her error, and by their soft and winning ways have rendered the common curse endurable.

We need not, with an affectation of classical learning, treat of the condition of woman under Grecian or Roman civilization. The Helen of the *Iliad* has few of the attributes of true womanhood; and the wonder is that, for her rescue, not only the principalities of earth, but the powers of heaven, should have become involved in a cruel war. But, discarding the mythical, the true condition of woman can be inferred, when it is stated that Cato—the virtuous—could lend his wife to a friend, and thus evince his sense of the delicate rights of hospitality.

In the English code of laws is incorporated the same servile principle, and this principle is reflected in the expression of English poets. The very being and existence of the wife are merged in that of the husband. When she stands at the altar, in the administration of the marriage sacrament, and under the holy forms of religion, she is required to promise not only to honor but to obey. In the enforcement of that promise, fortified by a long line of uniform decisions in English courts, the husband has the right of inflicting corporal punishment; "but," humanely suggests Lord Bacon, "not in a violent and cruel manner."

Shakespeare sings

"Of that great vow,  
That doth incorporate and make us one,"

but the identity of the wife is lost in that of the husband; and Milton, in describing our first parents, has set

forth the servile relation of married life in a form as attractive, perhaps, as words can convey :

"Both

Not equal, as their sex not equal, seemed;  
For contemplation he, and valor formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him."

Nearly every state in the American Union has legislated in mitigation of this barbarous code. Woman has the separate control of her own property. Her earnings can not be attached to pay the debts of a thriftless husband, and courts will interfere to protect her from his brutality. While we do not commit ourselves to the doctrine of female suffrage—until, at least, a very considerable portion of the sex demands it,—while we doubt whether the extension of this right would lead to harmony in the domestic circle, or its exercise at the polls—gentle women mingling with a set of rough untutored men—would promote refinement; still, there are certain reforms which might be successfully inaugurated.

We would extend to woman the advantages of a thorough education. We would subject her to a training which should fit her, not to shine in fashionable life, but to discharge its practical duties. Mrs. Somerville is a living example, that the profoundest truths of science are not beyond a woman's grasp; and Mrs. Beecher Stowe is another example, that woman may soar into the highest regions of imaginative thought.

The medical profession, we believe, would be improved, and the cause of humanity subserved, by embracing in the practice both sexes. Florence Nightingale has performed, and the Sisters of Charity do perform around the sick bed, services which the ruder man can not render.

There are many avenues in trade, now closed against her, which we would throw open, and insist, most emphatically, that the same compensation be

accorded to her as is given to the other sex. The amount of services rendered should be the measure of compensation.

At this day, when population preases so closely upon the means of production, woman must not be treated as a mere doll—a frame-work for milliners and mantua-makers to hang their gorgeous and costly finery upon, but she must become the helpmeet of man, and co-operate with him in discharging the multifarious duties of life. To sing, to play, to dance, to embroider, to attend the opera, are not among those duties. Life makes sterner demands—to labor and thereby to live. If to elevate woman to her proper sphere in life the ballot is necessary, let it be yielded.

**MODERN PREACHING—MODERN CHURCHES.**—At Lincoln, Illinois, during the past month, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the presiding eldership of Father Cartwright, of the Methodist Church. It was an edifying time to all who participated; and to us it affords an opportunity of indulging in a few moral reflections. We enter upon the task with no irreverent spirit.

Preaching in Illinois, half a century ago, was a very different affair from what it now is. Preachers did not claim to have had such advantages as are now enjoyed at Andover or Princeton. In fact, they were disposed to sneer at all human learning, and resort to the Holy Scriptures as to the fount of their inspiration. They made strong and bold appeals to the heart and conscience of their hearers, resorting to images of the exterior world. They painted the beatitudes of heaven and the torments of hell—the one with its golden pavements and crystal battlements, and the other with its sulphurous lake and burning marl—the one as a place of sensuous delights, and the other of exquisite agonies; but both to endure forever. They cared nothing, nor did their hearers, for those nice

points of doctrine which so vex the theological schools, and which have led to such a multiplicity of sects. To them it was sufficient that a Saviour had died, and that, through his atoning blood, all might lay hold of the promises; and this doctrine was enforced with all the earnestness of voice and violence of gesticulation which characterized John Knox before the Covenanters of Scotland.

This method became the type of Western eloquence, and was cultivated even by the members of the legal profession. It yet lingers among us; and audiences could now be gathered in many portions of the State, who would remain indifferent under the cold and glittering eloquence of Everett, but who would be wrought up to ecstasy under the vehement appeals of Logan.

The pioneers did not enjoy the "stated" preaching of the gospel. The early preachers were not "ten-thousand-dollar" men, who rode in chariots, who dressed in "purple and fine linen," and who occupied houses with graperies and conservatories attached. They preached salvation "without money and without price." They rode the circuit on horseback, exposed to rain and sleet, suffering cold and hunger, swimming rivers and camping at night on the open prairie, or seeking shelter beneath the roof of the humble cabin. When it was known that the preacher was to arrive on the Lord's day at an obscure hamlet, the people throughout the "settlement" gathered in—some on horseback, some in farm-wagons, and some afoot—the men dressed in linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts dyed with coppers, their heads covered with coonskin caps with the tail dangling behind, and their feet encased in moccasins of deer-skin. The women were dressed in homespun cotton, striped and cross-barred. To them the Sabbath was a day of gladness—a time of reunion, when neighbors, so to speak, widely



separated, could come together and exchange greetings, and, during the intervals of service, talk over the events of the week. It was an era of good feeling.

The horses are hitched beneath the trees to some overhanging bough. The preacher mounts a rude stand in a grove and opens the services with prayer—fervid and awakening. He reads a hymn from his well-thumbed pocket hymn-book—not gilt-edged—and lines out the words; then, starting some simple melody, the congregation join, and there rises up the sound of praise which breaks the solitude of the forest and comes back from the hills in answering echoes. Then follows the sermon, extemporaneous and abounding in illustrations of every-day life; and as the preacher becomes warmed up, the passions of the audience are aroused and startled, and respond to his every appeal. What harm if, in the ecstasy of spiritual delight, those untutored minds shout, "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!"

But the times have changed. Last Sunday night we strayed into a fashionable church on Wabash avenue. A thousand gas-jets lighted up the interior—the groined arches and the canopy of blue and gold. A large and fashionable congregation—the women, not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like unto these—occupied the slips. As we scanned their faces, we sought in vain for the meek and the lowly, the weary and heavy-laden. Before us stood the surpliced priest. His linen was of snowy whiteness, and each particular hair of his head was nicely laid. His discourse was eminently decorous—not a sentiment to shock the prejudices of a single individual, or to awaken a single unpleasant emotion. A zephyr playing over a summer sea is not more gentle; a lute not more soothing in its sounds. Then, high above the tones of the organ, are heard the notes of the choir—professional singers, exorbitantly

paid, and who, perhaps, during every night of the week, have performed at the opera, in "Fra Diavolo" or "The Barber of Seville."

As we issued out of the church with the self-satisfied throng, we thus moralized: What would be the emotions of one of those backwoodsmen, arrayed in his coon-skin cap, moccasins, and hunting-shirt, who was wont to grow fervid under the rousing appeals of Father Cartwright, if transferred to such a scene? Did the fisherman of Galilee preach to such audiences, and with such accessories? Christ came to preach to the poor, to proclaim the common humanity of our race, and the vanity of temporal distinctions. We have made religion an expensive luxury. It is as expensive to the laboring man to rent a slip in a fashionable church, as to rent a cottage. We array our wives and daughters in purple and fine linen, so that the wives and daughters of the poor, arrayed in calico and gingham, feel out of place; and thus the very class for whom our Saviour died, are repelled from celebrating his resurrection. The quality of the gospel is not strained. It is the same, whether in the cottage or in the palace. If it edify the rich, it will certainly fructify in the hearts of the poor and heavy-laden. "In my Father's house," said our Saviour, "are many mansions;" but he did not add that some were set apart for the rich exclusively, and some for the poor,—unless we suppose that the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the implied impossibility of a camel passing through the eye of a needle, throw light upon this point. When we shall see both classes worshipping side by side, both partaking of the same elements, and both imbued with the sentiment that God is no respecter of persons, then we may have hopes of our common humanity—then believe that our modern Christianity is working out beneficent results.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 16mo. pp. 364.

The author of this work may be truthfully called, and without question, we think, the most thoroughly appreciative American critic of English literature, as he may surely be called our most catholic, most broad-minded, of reviewers. His writings heretofore published—"Essays and Reviews," in two volumes; "Character and Characteristic Men;" and "Lectures on Subjects Connected with Literature and Life," one volume each—have shown him thoroughly English in taste and culture. We mean to say, not that Mr. Whipple does not have culture in other literatures, and appreciation thereof, but that his mind delights most, evidently revels most joyously, among the "grand old masters" of our mother tongue. This is apparent in his frequent references to the great works of our language, in his frequent illustrations of his own thought therefrom. The work which has just been published, being a review and criticism of the principal works of genius of by far the most illustrious era of English literature, or of any literature, may, therefore, be well supposed to have been a labor of love. We make no doubt that such is the fact. Nor do we make any doubt that it has received the most conscientious study and reflection of which our best and best informed critic was capable. Indeed, it is ten years ago, or more, that Mr. Whipple delivered a series of lectures upon the subject which forms the title of this volume. They were the result of many years' study, and the volume is the aggregate result of

all that study, and of ten years' polishing and finish. And the sum of all is a volume, upon a subject on which many distinguished writers have written, which is the best of all—the best in hearty appreciation, in critical acumen, and in just and attractive delineation of life and thought.

The work consists of twelve subdivisions, or chapters, the first being a philosophical review of the characteristics of the Elizabethan literature, concluding with a sketch of the life and writings of "Kit Marlowe," the aboriginal and savage predecessor of the great discoverer of the new dramatic world. This is followed by two chapters on Shakespeare. Then we have a most spicy chapter of biography and criticism on Rare Ben Jonson, who "seemed built up, mentally as well as bodily, out of beef and sack, mutton and Canary; or, to say the least, was a joint product of the English mind and the English larder, of the fat as well as the thought of the land, of the soil as well as the soul of England." "Jonson," says Whipple, not for the first time, "is big; Shakespeare is great." Next to the chapter on Rare Ben, we have a very pleasant chapter on the minor dramatists, who were the more immediate contemporaries of Shakespeare and Jonson—Heywood, Middleton, Marston, Dekkar, Webster, and Chapman. Next we have Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford. In the following chapter Mr. Whipple gives us, briefly, his notions of the poetasters of the era, with a very favorable opinion of Sackville's genius, followed by a sketch of the life and notice of the genius of Edmund Spenser, author of "The Faery Queene," lover and exalter

of lovely woman, who got jilted for his pains. In the next chapter the author speaks of some ten or twelve of Spenser's contemporaries and successors, who "were rated as poets in their own generation, however neglected they may be in ours." Then we have a very fine chapter on two great men of affairs as well as thought—Sidney, whose "high-erected thoughts" were "seated in a heart of courtesy," and Raleigh, "a less beautiful and engaging, but far more potent and comprehensive spirit." The two next chapters are devoted to Bacon; and the work concludes, in unique appropriateness, with an essay upon Hooker, correctly called the greatest thinker the Church of England has produced,—one of those rare persons through whom the only real spiritual communications stream, in the conceptions of purified, spiritualized, celestialized reason.

Such is but a most imperfect index to this work of notable and varied contents. The chapters on Shakespeare and Bacon will doubtless be the most read, and those by which the book will be the more generally judged. We believe the genius of Shakespeare is here more truthfully described than anywhere else. His life is better written here than elsewhere, too; for the nonsense of separating the works of the great dramatist from his life is exploded, and the truth made clear that the poet lived, and moved, and had his being, in the pitiless storm that pelted King Lear; in the sweet moonlight, sleeping on banks of flowers; in the tender heart, the heavenly soul, of Imogen; in Caesar's ambition, and Iago's villainies; in the stately palaces of kings, and the hovels of beggars; in all the beauties of nature that he painted; in all the men and women, saints and sinners, furies and fairies, witches, goblins, and weird, ghostly, intellectual beings, which his imagination created. The life of Shakespeare is to

be found in the works of Shakespeare. There it is, and there only, that we can discover his personality as well as his genius. Thus we know all about Shakespeare, after all; thus have ample scope and room enough for the conclusion that he was the myriad-minded, the glory of the human intellect, a man who in himself not only represented but *was* all men—all created intellectual beings. This idea of Shakespeare's far more than Protean genius and life—this passing out of himself and becoming others, and yet not losing his own individuality—Mr. Whipple puts with great beauty and power, as he does also the poet's wonderful originality and skill as an artist in the composition of his dramas. There are those who will say that Whipple, like all the rest, fails to give a complete idea of Shakespeare's mind-life. So let it be! It is to be found only in Shakespeare's autobiography—the works of William Shakespeare, edited by whosoever you please to select.

Mr. Whipple's judgment of Bacon's character is more charitable, and perhaps more just, than that of Macaulay. These chapters will probably be more interesting to scholars than even those upon Shakespeare; but they will have less attraction for general readers.

We need say little here of Mr. Whipple's magnificent style. It is well known to be, in strength, clearness, vivacity; in the fine use of metaphor, and classical allusion, and poetical adaptation; in apt illustrations from the writings of imaginative writers; in versatile fitness to the character of the subject in discussion, not surpassed by that of any other of our writers. The greatest of our critic-essayists, and among the greatest of our lecturers (no regard being here had to the popular stump-speech standard), he has in this volume given us one of the pleasantest and best literary feasts of this finely hospitable year therein.

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: The Western News Company. 1869.

The novels which Anthony Trollope is now writing so fluently—"Phineas Finn," "The Small House at Allington," "He Knew He Was Right," etc.—are among the most noticeable things in current light literature. The sale of these works in this country is very large, and each one is eagerly devoured by the great novel-reading public; as eagerly, apparently, as if they were not so absolutely similar, the one to the other, as they all are. They are like nothing else in literature, present or past. Mrs. Oliphant's latest and best books are more nearly of the same style than anything else is; and Auerbach's fine portrayal of real life in Germany is also somewhat similar in aim and style, allowing for the differences of language and manners. They may be characterized as simple photographs of English middle-class life and manners in the years from 1860 to 1869. They could not be true of any other time or place; but of that time and that place they are unmistakable photographs, scarcely even retouched by the artist's hand. To lose one's self in either of Trollope's later novels, is like visiting England for so many hours, with introductions to respectable common-place English men and women in their everyday clothes and habits, and without any masks and disguises, such as all nations, in every land, are accustomed to sport when in company with foreigners from any other land.

Trollope is unlike Thackeray, though the latter was in a certain degree a realist, too. But Thackeray's story always paused from time to time (and often), to give place to playful, witty, satirical Thackerayisms, which would have been very bad as interpolations in a romance, if they had not been so very good as satires and witticisms.

Trollope is not capable of the interpolations; and, as a work of art, his romance is more perfect without them. He is also incapable of producing such a wonderfully delightful character as Thackeray's Colonel Newcome; at least, thus far in his career, he has not attempted any so high and daring flight of genius. But, alas, we none of us ever expect to meet a Colonel Newcome in real life, while each and every one of Trollope's creations is such as we know, or have known, or may hope or fear to know, whenever we go to the places where his scenes are laid.

The novel before us—"He Knew He Was Right"—is a very perfect specimen of the realist school. Of course it is not remarkable; for "remarkableness" would drive it out of that school. No miraculous travelers are miraculously cast on miraculous desert islands, miraculously sustained there and transported thence, with utterly surprising coincidences, which establish the assumption that fiction is stranger than fact. On the contrary, a lot of agreeable English folks are driven by a force seemingly outside of the author's intention or control—the wise and good to the usual rewards of virtue, and the foolish and bad to terrible, though still most natural, pains and penalties. There are half a dozen love-stories in the book. Firmness in refusing the temptations to marry a fortune, results in prosperous love and poverty. Jealousy in a husband, causeless and unreasonable, is punished with insanity and death; hardness and pride in the suspected wife, with wretched bereavement and widowhood. Every step is natural and inevitable. Especially the progress of the man's mind toward hopeless insanity is a wonderful piece of word-painting.

The only caricature in the book is the picture of an American poetess, who is characterized as the "American Browning." She is about as much like

an American lady as Sothorn's delineation of an English nobleman is like the original, whom he claims not to copy but to caricature. On the other hand, a really charming Yankee girl is charmingly portrayed—her brightness, courage, free speech and independence—and she is married to the most desirable Englishman in the book, much to the envy of his countrywomen, who had been setting their caps at him. Mr. Trollope, in this book, stands up bravely for his own guild—the newspaper-writers. The real hero of the main love-tale is of this profession; has much to say in its defence, and says it well. And he starts poor and is left poor, though hard at work, prosperous and happy.

It may illustrate the perfect naturalness of this narration to say, what we find to be the case, that at all the nice tea-tables in the land the talkers are taking sides with the husband or the wife in the tragic part of this novel—not for or against the writer, by any means; but ignoring him altogether, and treating the man who "knew he was right" on his merits, as right or wrong, or partly right and partly wrong; sharing his errors and his punishment with his wife—who, by the way, also knew she was right, with a self-confidence equal to his own.

Mr. Trollope's English is not of the most elegant type. His characters "have got" things when they simply have them, the "got" being superfluous; and the present subjunctive of the verb *to be* is occasionally rendered "was" instead of "were," which seems to us more in accordance with the statutes in that case made and provided. But these are small matters. The style is the more conversational from not being coldly perfect; and besides, those who can best criticise the manner of this writing are furthest from being capable of doing anything so admirable as it is in its way, and those who can write

such fiction need have but little regard to captious criticisms.

The whole tendency of the modern school of painting—that of Couture and Meissonnier—is toward realism. The real look of the things represented must be shown, down to the very dirt and stain on a soldier's gaiters or the rain-streams on a beggar's rags. And the tendency of novel-writing seems to be in the same direction. Unvarnished and unexaggerated life-pictures are the only fiction worth producing in these days, and Anthony Trollope is a more advanced romance-writer than Charles Reade. Perhaps when this style is introduced in portraying American common life, and well done, the great problem of a source and course and destiny for distinctively American fiction will be solved.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES A. HAMILTON; OR, MEN AND EVENTS, AT HOME AND ABROAD, DURING THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 647.

We can not too strongly impress upon authors, in this age of steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs, the overwhelming necessity of consulting brevity, unless they wish their works to be turned over to the trunk-maker. Facts illustrating no great principle, however interesting to them individually, can not command the attention of the general reader. In the great events enacting, or which have taken place, the best informed men can only claim an encyclopedia knowledge, and it is in this form that information is most available. This is what the author is expected to do for the reader.

This book contains a vast mass of correspondence as to issues which it is not necessary to revive, and concerning men whose opinions have forever ceased to influence the world's affairs. They performed their parts indifferently well

on the stage of life; and now, the play over, why call them before the curtain when they are not to be made the recipients of popular applause?

These are the minor defects; but this work has substantial merits. James A. Hamilton is the son of Alexander Hamilton, one of the ablest—perhaps the ablest—statesmen that the Revolution produced. While many of the men of that era have been overrated, Hamilton has been greatly underrated. His case is an example, that solid qualities which can originate results, are less attractive to the popular imagination than those qualities which can seize upon such results and apply them to partisan purposes. Hamilton's share in the formation of our Constitution was the lion's; and subsequent events, viewed in the light of the Great Rebellion, have fully justified his wisdom and prescience. So far as our Revolutionary finances were concerned, he evoked order out of chaos. In the treasury department he organized a system of policy and a routine of detail which exist in full force at this day. He was the chosen disciple of Washington, on whom that great man leant with confidence for advice and support; and never was that confidence betrayed. Hamilton undoubtedly drafted the substance of the Farewell Address, and, by his advice, contributed to shape the policy of the first president of the United States. His death, brought about by the direct agency of one of the worst characters that ever figured in American history, produced a profound sensation among his contemporaries; but he left a name and fame which will grow brighter with the coming years, as the true history of our Constitution is studied and understood. It may be said that, at the instant of its formation, were organized two conflicting systems of interpretation, which found their solution only in the result of the Great Rebellion.

Enough of the ancestor; now of the descendant. In the seventy-ninth year of his age, James A. Hamilton, one of the few connecting links between our revolutionary and our modern history, undertakes the task of compiling his *Reminiscences*; and the result is the volume before us. He became a prominent actor in public affairs during the administration of General Jackson, by whom he was appointed district-attorney for the southern district of New York. Acquiring a competency, he retired to a country-seat on the Hudson, where he has varied the monotony of such a life by repeated voyages to Europe, in editing the works of his father, and in correspondence with public men. Perhaps the impression left upon the mind of the reader, after turning over these numerous letters, is that Colonel Hamilton, whether in Europe or America, is one of those who deems it necessary to act as a sort of volunteer engineer to run the machinery of nations; and we fear that many of his disquisitions on government, finance, etc., will not prove of much interest to the present or future generations.

LETTERS OF PEREGRINE PICKLE. By George P. Upton. Chicago: The Western News Company. 12mo. pp. 450. Price \$2.00.

The publication, in book form, of essays originally prepared for the daily press, seems to be in flood-tide during the year now approaching its end. We had very early in the year a notable book of this sort—Mr. W. F. Congdon's "*Tribune Essays*." This publication embraced a large series of the most amusing leaders of the New York "*Tribune*" during a period of several years—those jolly leaders which made the country roar, as they from time to time appeared, and which are, in truth, as admirable specimens of wit and humor as may easily be found in our literature. But a few weeks ago there appeared

from a Chicago house a volume of sketches by "Poliuto," the most of which had originally appeared under the heading of "Walks About Chicago," in the "Times" newspaper. We are glad to learn that satirical "Poliuto" is having a good run.

We now have the "Letters of Peregrine Pickle," which are selections from the author's contributions to the Chicago "Tribune." These contributions have been quite generally read by the reading public of the Northwest, which has, so to say, favorably judged of them in advance; and we may therefore well regard any extended criticism on our part as quite unnecessary. Mr. Upton is a pleasing writer; an intelligent critic of music, the drama, of art generally; a correct observer of society. In his letters, as they originally appeared in the "Tribune," there were many things for the day only—many things entirely ephemeral in their nature. There were also many things of permanent value. It is these portions of the original "Peregrine Pickle" letters which have been preserved, and now make up the material for this very interesting and creditable volume, the addition of which to our growing Western literature we welcome with unmixed pleasure, and beg to commend it most cordially to the general public.

The volume is executed with fine taste as to its mechanical part. It is printed with pleasant types, on heavy tinted paper, and handsomely bound in

beveled boards. It is a credit to the publishers. Having thus a double merit, we may safely predict for it a wide acquaintance among our reading people.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

**MENTAL PHILOSOPHY:** Embracing the three Departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. In two volumes. Price, \$3.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

**ELEMENTS OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE.** A Text-Book for Schools. By James Hadley, Professor in Yale College. Price, \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

**THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.** A Novel. By George Eliot. With Illustrations. One vol. 12mo. pp. 464. Price, \$1.75. Harper's Library Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

**NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.** A beautifully printed and illustrated little work, giving descriptions and views of prominent scenes in New York and vicinity. Price, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

**IN SILK ATTIRE.** A Novel. By William Black, author of "Love or Marriage." Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.



## CHIT-CHAT.

THE waters of the Upper Mississippi River are as clear as those of the "Arrowy Rhone," but, after having mingled with those of the Missouri, they become a current immense in volume and resistless in force, and charged with sediment, as though a substance of the consistency of tar were heated in a great caldron until it seethed and bubbled in rolling, swelling masses. While in places the current moves on strong and deep, at others it is thrown into circling eddies.

In former days, before the era of steamboats and railroads, the only access to the sea for the inhabitants of the Upper Valley was on flatboats, broadhorns, or arks. This kind of navigation is so little known to the rising generation that it will not be out of place to describe it. The flatboat consisted of gunnels hewn out of a single trunk of sycamore or whitewood, planked and firmly spiked on the bottom. The sides were carried up six feet or more, and boards were sprung over the top in a crowning arch to form the roof. It was a parallelogram in form, and lacked even the sailing qualities of a Dutch tub; but it had great capacity for stowing away a cargo, which usually consisted of flour, pork, beef, beans, etc. A long sapling, peeled of its bark, armed with a plank, and working on a bolt, served as a rudder, and the sides were armed with two sets of "sweeps" constructed in a similar manner. These boats were built during the winter on some tributary, launched, loaded, and moored, awaiting the spring-rise of the waters to move off on their destined voyage. The crew were selected from the young men of

the village, and were under the guidance of two or three trusty pilots who were familiar with every twist and turn of the Great River all the way to "Orlenes," as the city was called for short. They were rough and uncouth,—men who had shot the rifle with Mike Fink and drank whisky with the pirate Lafitte; and whenever they condescended to indulge in personal reminiscences, they did not fail to draw a listening crowd. Many who have since figured as presidents, senators, and judges, by embarking on board a flatboat, were enabled to escape from their "pent-up Uticas," and secure an introduction to the "boundless continent." In fact, in those days, no one residing in the West was supposed to know anything of the exterior world, or had the right to express his opinion authoritatively unless he had been to "Orlenes." The cook was of no account, for each had to serve in that capacity; but the fiddler—he who could draw dulcet sounds from the tense attenuated catgut—was an important personage; for how else could

"Dance, de boatmen dance,—  
Dance all night till broad daylight,  
As they float down de O-hi-o."

In writing these essays—wherein we intend to inculcate a high order of morality—we often find ourselves betrayed into almost interminable digressions. For some reason or other we can not, like the preacher, begin with our "Firstly," and continue rigorously through all the intermediate divisions to our "Sixteenthly," and finally wind up with the "Hortatory." We have to throw in our "moral reflections" pell-mell—just as the experi-

enced cook adds salt and pepper to her soup at any stage during the boiling.

How like life is the Mississippi, with its flood, vast in volume, turbulent and boiling, sweeping on with resistless energy, until it is absorbed in the great abyss of the Gulf! And how like eternity is the ocean, shoreless, boundless, ever restless! As the grasshopper or cricket, clinging to some floating chip, is swept along by the current without the power to guide his frail bark to a safe haven, from which to regain the land, until sooner or later he becomes engulfed,—so man is reminded of the Stream of Destiny on which he is floating, and reads in this example his own inexorable fate.

"Like to the Pontick Sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on,  
To the Proponctick."

This is intended to be fine writing; in fact, we venture to assert that there is nothing finer in all "Hervey's Meditations."

Having now disposed of the narrative and reflective portions of our subject, we come to the practical application.

*Scene:* The Mississippi River. *Time:* Night, with a cloudless sky. *Dramatis Personæ:* The solitary pilot at the helm of the flatboat, the boatmen below wrapped in sleep.

It had been resolved to "float all night till broad daylight," rather than "tie up." The solemn forests line the banks, and in the waters, as in a mirror, are reflected their canopy of foliage. Silence reigns, unbroken even by the dip of the oar or the plash of the sturgeon; but ere long the pilot, as he floats along, hears the strains of music, soft as the breathings of an *Æolian* harp. Louder and louder they grow, until they are distinguishable as coming from a fiddle, and the tune is "Monnie Musk," commingled with sounds of revelry and mirth; and then are seen, through the open doorway of a cabin,

the figures of men and women flitting through the mazy dance. The boat glides on, the figures disappear, and the sounds of music and mirth die out. Meanwhile the stars climb higher and higher in the sky, and again succeeds another scene alike in details; and so on throughout the live-long night. "Wall!" exclaimed the pilot, "*this is the queerest country I ever did see, where, at every house, they have a fiddle and a dance!*" But when the day dawned and the pilot was enabled to recognize landmarks, he found that all night his boat had been floating in a great circling eddy, and that he had repeatedly passed the same house where the people were having a "high old time."

SPEAKING of the navigation of the Mississippi: It can not be truthfully affirmed that voyaging in steamboats is absolutely safe. Such little accidents as "blow-ups" do occur, resulting in inconveniences and detention to the passenger; but he becomes used to them after awhile, and is led to regard them as a necessary annoyance. St. Lawrence, of blessed memory, it is proved by authentic tradition, as he lay on his gridiron, conscious that he was well-done on one side, requested his cooks to turn him over on the other. Thus we see that the body can be brought to endure the most exquisite tortures, and the Mississippi traveler can be brought calmly to undergo the most tremendous blow-ups; and the most he can hope for, is to prefer to the engineer a request as to the mode and manner of his saltatory projection into mid-air—a request as modest as that of the blessed saint whose example we have quoted. An Arkansas traveler, while a boat was "wooding" at a dock, all at once found himself first hurtling through the air, and then he came crashing down through the roof of a cabin in which a son of St. Crispin was plying his trade. Neither mani-

fested the least surprise in being thus suddenly brought *vis-a-vis*. Fitz-Crispin continued his work, and he of the cane-brake pulled out his wallet and demanded to know the damage. "Oh," replied he of the waxed-ends, casting his eye up to the hole in the roof and scanning the extent of the opening, "I reckon about a dollar!" "I'll be blamed," cried the other, "if I'll give it. It's onreasonable. I've been blowed up a dozen times, and never before had to pay sich an almighty charge." They finally compromised on fifty cents.

THE high-pressure engines which were first introduced on the Mississippi steam-boats would, when operating, puff and wheeze like an asthmatic person, and each emitted a peculiar sound, so that those residing on the river were enabled to make out what boat was approaching, long before she reached the landing. Now it so happened that our fat friend Charley Gratiot, of the lead region about Shulsburg, had come down to a river town and put up at a public house. Supper over, he retired to his room, and soon was lost in sleep. The villagers yet lingered in the bar-room, when there was heard apparently the puffing of a boat making its way up the river. "What boat is that?" was the inquiry of more than one; and those who prided themselves upon their acuteness of hearing and their ability to distinguish as to what particular boat the puffing belonged, were evidently at fault. Intently they listened as the puffing and wheezing grew louder, and finally they settled down in the unanimous belief that some strange boat was ploughing their waters; and yet, what was stranger, it did not appear to approach nearer. From the river bank neither the fires of her furnaces nor the smoke of her chimneys could be discerned. But the mystery was at length solved. The sounds were found to proceed from the *snoring* of our friend

Charley in the chamber above—low, as the first gentle sleep fell upon him, and loud as it became more profound, until at length it culminated in a regular puff and wheeze, like that of a steamboat not half a mile off.

THE following paper is supposed to have been communicated, at the late meeting, at Salem, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Section Q:

THE TRESCOSAURUS: OR, THE VORACIOUS TASCATHREX.

After some observations by Professor McGuire On the sign of the tangent and the root of the square,

Dr. Fossil rose up and addressed the Convention: "I wish," he remarked, "to call your attention To a living reptilian but lately discovered, As wondrous as any from the *Lias* uncovered, Of the typical form known as *Trescosaurus*; And the modern congener I name *Trescosaurus*, Derived from a Greek word significant of treasure, Which this Saurian affects in unlimited measure. But the genus which the name I thus have bestowed on,

Is encased in an armor, not unlike the Glyptodon, By which he resists all punching and beating, Without symptom of dread, without sign of retreating.

Examine, ye Savants, the parts on the table; From these I demonstrate, for surely I'm able, That the monster before us was keenly voracious Of everything earthly—carniverous, herbaceous; And besides, he possessed a most wonderful thorax,—

And hence to the species I give the name *vorax*. In his maw you perceive a medley of notions—Cob, greenbacks, and stamps, stills, gunges, and lotions,

All of which passed his wonderful esophagus, Thus entombed as it were in a living sarcophagus."

Dr. F. then remarked, from this monster omnivorous, Should be every one's prayer, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

A sentiment which, 'tis almost needless to mention, Was rapturously endorsed by all the Convention.

SAID we to a young man who had formerly worked for us:

"What are you doing now, Mac?"

"Oh, I am winding up matters and things for this railroad between here and Lafayette."

He was a brakeman.

JUDGES and lawyers seem to be a necessary adjunct to all civilized communities. Sydney Smith, in one of the early numbers of the "Edinburgh Review," remarked:

"The Americans, we believe, are the first persons who have discarded the tailor in the administration of justice, and his auxiliary, the barber—two persons of endless importance in the codes and pandects of Europe. A judge administers justice, without a calorific wig and parti-colored gown, in a coat and pantaloons. He is obeyed, however, and life and property are not badly protected in the United States. We shall be denounced by the laureate and jacobin; but we must say that we have doubts whether one atom of useful influence is added to man in important situations by any color, quantity, or configuration, of cloth and hair. The true progress of refinement, we conceive, is to discard all the mountebank drapery of barbarous ages. One roll of gold and fur falls off after another from the robe of power, and is picked up and worn by the parish beadle and the exhibitor of wild beasts. Meantime, the affected wiseacre mourns over equality of garment, and wotteth not of two men whose doublets have cost alike, how one shall command and the other obey."

Our United States supreme court judges, while discarding the wig, yet adhere to the gown; while our State judges are content to administer justice in coat and pantaloons. And yet in opening court they retain "*Oyez! Oyez!*" often rendered "*Oh, yes! Oh, yes!*" by the crier.

As we write, we have before us the "History of Illinois," by Thomas Ford, now deceased, and who at one time occupied the gubernatorial chair. In the early history of this State, justice was administered without much pomp or parade, and the judges did not assume that "excellent gravity" so

much commended by Lord Coke. The courts were held in log-houses or bar-rooms. "At the first circuit court," says the historian, "in Washington county, held by Judge John Reynolds, the sheriff, on opening the court, went out into the court-yard and said to the people: 'Boys, come in; our John is going to hold court.'"

In general, the judges were averse to deciding questions of law if they could possibly avoid it. They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other of the parties, and preferred to submit everything they could, to be decided by the jury.

"I knew one judge," he continues, "who, when asked for instructions, would rub his head and the side of his face with his hand, as if perplexed, and say to the lawyers: 'Why, gentlemen, the jury understand the case; they need no instructions. No doubt they will do justice between the parties.'"

The same judge presided at a court in which a man of the name of Green was convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death on the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him: "Mr. Green, the jury, in their verdict, say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not I who condemns you, but it is the jury and the law, Mr. Green. The law allows you time for preparation, and so the court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

To this the prisoner replied: "May it please the court, I am ready at any time. Those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the court may appoint."

The judge then said: "Mr. Green, you must know that it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man more than once in his life, and

you had better take all the time you can get. The court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanac and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday." The clerk looked at the almanac, as directed, and replied that "that day four weeks came on Thursday." The judge then said: "Mr. Green, the court then gives you until this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung."

The case was prosecuted by James Turney, Esq., the Attorney-General of the State, who here interposed and said: "May it please the court, on solemn occasions like the present, when the life of a human being is to be sentenced away for crime by an earthly tribunal, it is usual and proper for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner, a sense of his guilt impressed on his conscience, and in which the prisoner should be duly exhorted to repentance, and warned against the judgment in the world to come."

To this the judge replied: "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month. He knows that he has got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it in this way, don't you, Mr. Green?" "Yes," said the prisoner, upon which the judge remanded him to jail, and the court adjourned.

If some judges were unwilling to risk censure by giving instructions to juries, there was at least one who was very positive in instructing them. This one, being more ambitious to show his learning and ability, gave very pointed instructions on one occasion; but the jury could not agree on a verdict. The judge asked as to the cause of their difference, whereupon the foreman answered, with apparent simplicity: "Why, judge,

this 'ere is the difficulty: the jury want to know whether that *ar* what you told us, when we first went out, was the law, or your mere opinion?" The court assured the jury that what he had told them was the law, when they again returned, having had no difficulty in agreeing upon a verdict.

In the early settlement of Illinois, a great misconception of character existed between the people of the North, who were mainly Yankees, and of the South, who were originally from the slave States.

Lieutenant-Governor K—nn—y, who was originally a Baptist preacher, but turned politician, and who is said to have traversed the country electioneering with "*a New Testament in one hand, and a bottle of whisky in the other,*" largely shared in this feeling, which close commercial intercourse has now nearly eradicated. He opposed the construction of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, on the ground that it would lead to a great influx of Yankees; that they would overrun the State, and that they were already to be found in every quarter of the globe. "One strong proof to me," he said, "that John Cleves Symmes is wrong in his theory of the earth, is that if such an opening at the North Pole, as that theory supposes, really exists, *the Yankees would have had a big wagon-road to it long before its discovery by Mr. Symmes.*"

Out in the mountains, it would seem, on the authority of a Colorado newspaper, that at their hotels they frequently have luxuries not enumerated on the *table d'hôte*.

"Waiter," said a fastidious individual at a Central City hotel, exhibiting a singular looking object on his soup-spoon, "waiter, do you know what that is?"

"That, sir, looks like a mouse, sir. We often see them in the soup, sir."

THE county of Randolph, in Illinois, which borders on the Mississippi, was settled by Scotch Covenanters. The region is one of great natural beauty, diversified in surface, with alternate reaches of wood and prairie, and it is now dotted over with ample barns and farm houses. In fact, hardly any portion of Illinois exhibits greater evidences of substantial thrift. But this people have peculiar notions as to government. As far back as 1818, through their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wiley, they forwarded a petition to the convention assembled to frame a new constitution, praying that there might be incorporated in that instrument a clause which should recognize "Jesus Christ as the head of the government, and that the Holy Scriptures be the only rule of faith and practice." This petition was disregarded, and hence a portion of them have, up to this time, refused to recognize the government, or to perform those acts incumbent on the citizen, such as voting at elections, holding office, serving on juries, working the roads, etc.

In 1824, however, when the question was, "Shall Illinois be made a slave State?" they voted unanimously and in the negative, and thus aided in putting down that monstrous iniquity.

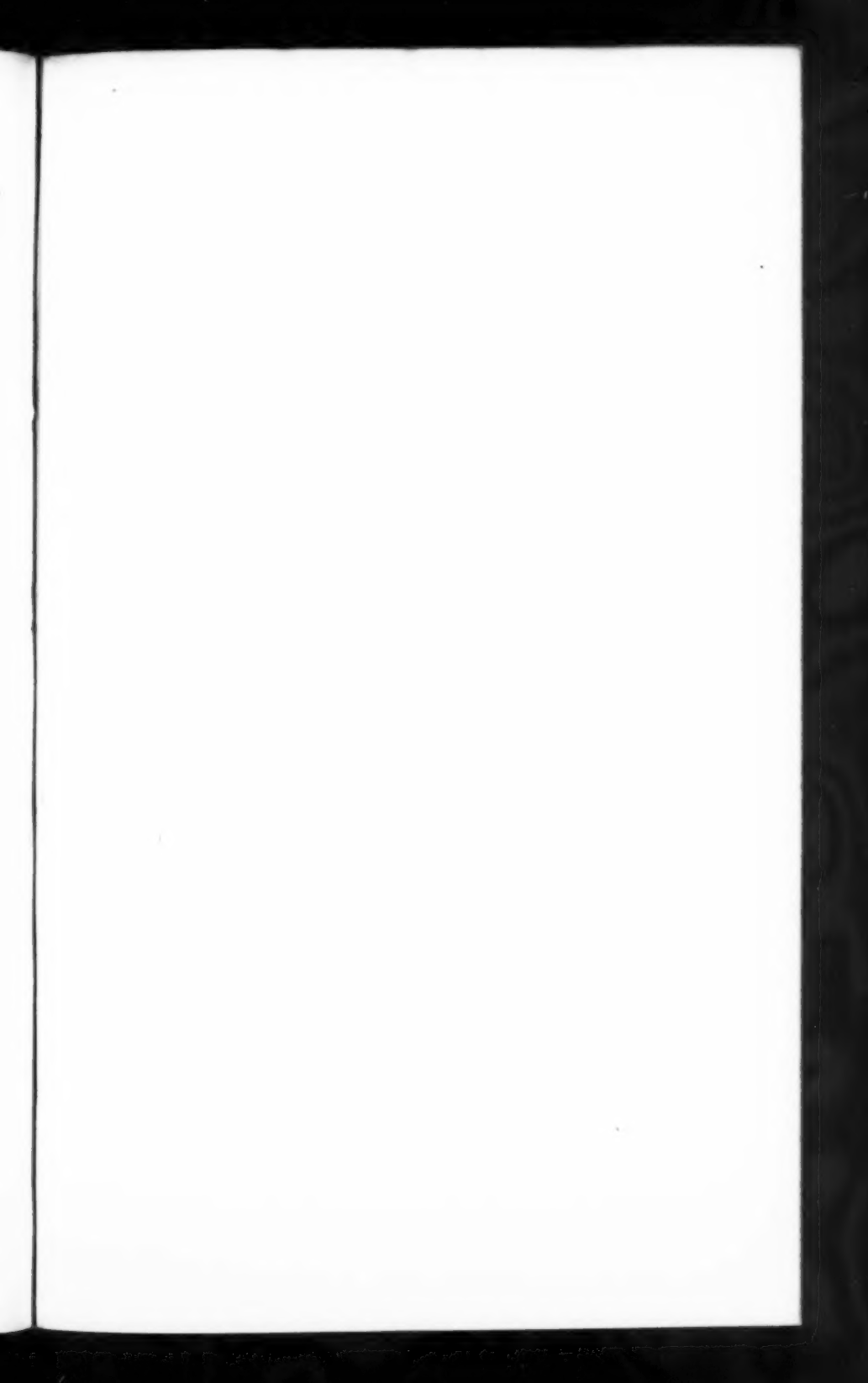
SPEAKING of these Covenanters: They have for centuries exhibited certain constant traits, conspicuous amongst which is obstinacy. They have been a very difficult element for the English Church to deal with, always insisting on going to heaven in their own way. "With a little oatmeal for food," says Sydney Smith, "and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation on the one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune in his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles."

DURING a late revival in Kansas, a notorious old sinner, Jim K—, was hopefully converted, and got up in a class-meeting to give his experience. He commenced, *sotto voce*, and in a measured tone: "I—dreamed—a dream. I dreamed—that I died—and went to hell." A brother here rose in the body of the house and remarked: "Will the brother please speak a little louder? We can't hear him in this quarter." Jim repeated, *alto voce*: "I dreamed that I died," etc.; when another brother rose in another quarter and renewed the request. Jim resumed, *altissimo*: "I dreamed that I died," etc. Hereupon a "cullud pusson" in the gallery rose and cried out: "Will de brudder speak a *little louder*? We can't hear him in de gallery." Jim resumed, *vociferously*: "I dreamed—that I died—and went—to hell! There, can you hear that, you d—d nigger?"

It may be added that the faith of the audience in Jim's conversion was slightly shaken by this little episode.

VANDALIA was formerly the capital of Illinois. The origin of the name, according to Ford, was this: The commissioners appointed to select a site, when it was resolved to remove the capital from Kaskaskia, were anxious to adopt an imposing and high sounding name. Tradition says that a wag suggested Vandalia, stating that the *Vandals* were a warlike but now extinct tribe of Indians who once occupied the region, and that it was desirable to perpetuate their name and memory. The commissioners, who were supposed to be not particularly well-read in ancient history, adopted the suggestion.

SAID a disconsolate widower, in the first flower of his grief, while speaking of his departed spouse: "They can't say but what I kep' her well! She was as fat as a hog when she died!"







*Am. Ballini*

